

**WHAT SOUTH WALES HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—I.**  
**ON THE QUESTION OF REPRISALS.** By A. Clutton Brock.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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E. O. HOPPE.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsgents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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## BRITISH NEGLECT OF SCIENCE.

VERY penitential mood has been produced in Britain by the war. From all sides prophets have risen up to show the weaknesses that, like hidden disease, have been allowed to increase during the long peace. Nobody is at present in the humour to talk of the Empire in the "sun-never-sets-on-it" strain. Its unbroken loyalty is a redeeming spot, but the more we appreciate the resolute gallantry of Australia, Canada and India the more regretfully do we recall the idle years when no thought was given to their resources or closer settlement, save as far as our own needs were concerned. We went so far as to allow Germany to tap those mineral resources of Australia which possess military value, and though a Canada equipped with the necessary factories commands the material of wood pulp in quantity to have kept the world in paper, we tamely allowed a European country to gather the profit from that business. Not a householder in Great Britain has failed to learn in war-time how we have allowed

ourselves to become dependent on Germany for thousands of articles which could have been as easily and conveniently manufactured at home, to pronounced national advantage. "Wake up, England," was the first watchword given to the nation by the present King, and Germany is using a battering ram to drive it home. Wherein lies the root of the evil? Neglect of science, particularly of scientific education, is the unhesitating reply of a memorandum which has been got up and signed by a list of the most learned and influential scientific scholars of the day. To end that neglect is "vital to the continued existence of the country," they say. The experts of the Board of Trade endorse and emphasise this view.

Naturally, the first test by which this statement is tried is the conduct of the war. Avoiding the temptation to linger over so fruitful a theme as the Cabinet's ignorance of any connection between lard and glycerine, it must be confessed that so far, at any rate, the Germans have been the more scientific fighters. We shall beat them in the end, but not till an enormous price has been paid for our initial ignorance. In two directions only have we shown an unquestioned superiority. The management of the Navy has been scientific, and the manner in which the submarine menace was dealt with showed the cultivation in the naval forces of a scientific habit of mind that could deal effectively with a new situation. With the Army Medical Service again no fault is to be found. In other branches of military science the ordinary citizen is amazed at our shortcomings. The military authorities never seem to have probed the possibilities of the Zeppelin till the machine began to drop bombs. It is not enough to retort that Zeppelin warfare is savage and a sin against advancing civilisation. To make that accusation effective it is necessary first to beat the enemy. A Zeppelin may be an invention of the devil, so are poison gas and flame projectors, but they show how prompt the Germans were in applying the discoveries of science to the art of war.

The military need comes first, but the professors and experts are right in holding that scientific education must become far more general if this country is going to resume and maintain its supremacy in industry. From tin-tacks to dyes and toys, from thin glass tumblers to a real black hat we depend on Austria and Germany, whereas British industries should have been turning out articles of this kind all the time. Yet no sooner is the subject mooted than, exactly as if war had made no change, the old educational theorists accept the memorandum as a challenge to the humanities. It is nothing of the kind and it is not untimely put forward. Whatever else is neglected, it devolves upon the country at this crisis to see to it that the education of our young people is not. The statement that there are only four colleges at Cambridge and one at Oxford with a head chosen for distinction in science does not mean that Greek and Latin are to be pitched overboard and all the colleges turned into halls of science. It would be mere silliness to insist that every mind suitable for it or not should be loaded up with science. But a far greater number should be so. Scientific methods, or, in other words, the practical application to manufactures of the discoveries and inventions of the day, are needed in every direction. A parent or guardian who has a boy with the required talent and inclination should have before him a number of institutions from which to select the one most likely to carry out his wishes. For the more he inquires the more certain he will become that every walk in life demands a more effective scientific training. Good land lying waste or producing half the possible crops, manufactures lapped by us and taken up by the foreigner, the Germanised industries connected with electricity and petrol call aloud for scientific men to advance and develop them. The mere fact that education is a slow process is the best reason for pushing now, even in the heat of conflict. Pupils and their preceptors can do no good by looking on in anxiety. They will be more profitably engaged in sowing to-day for a harvest to be reaped hereafter.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Congreve, wife of Lieutenant-General Walter Norris Congreve, V.C., C.B., M.V.O., of Chartley Castle, Stafford, now on the Western Front. Mrs. Congreve is the only daughter of the late Captain C. B. La Touche.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

IN less than a couple of months the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be called upon to produce his budget for the year, and as the expenditure of the country is steadily increasing new taxation is unavoidable. Sound finance demands that we should, as far as possible, meet the current expenses of the war out of income. At the end we shall have to face a mighty addition to the National Debt, and that will be burden enough to hand on to our successors. In the meantime the task of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is complicated by the fact that he has to deal with two sets of taxpayers very differently circumstanced. One has profited financially from the war, and the other has suffered material injury. If we take the totals, the taxable income of the country has increased, but that does not lessen the embarrassment of those whose pockets have suffered severely, and that remark would apply to very much that was said by Sir George Paish in his widely reported lecture at the London School of Economics on "The Economic Strength of Great Britain." It is true that war makes money to-day as certainly as it did in the time of William Pitt, and if we emerge victoriously, as emerge we must, the optimism of Sir George Paish will have every likelihood of being justified. The air will be clearer, the incentive to work greater, the productive power, if anything, increased.

IN the meantime the practical task in front of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to choose those methods of taxation which will net a return from those who have prospered by the war and fall as lightly as possible on those who have not. The issue narrows itself down to one between direct and indirect taxation. In other words, the alternative is between stiffening the income tax or imposing new taxes on articles of consumption. Now, the income tax payer has already been severely mulcted, and many whose incomes are of medium size and are yet under certain pre-war obligations which they entered into innocently and justifiably will feel oppressed by any further addition to this burden. On the other hand, if articles of luxury were subjected to heavier impositions, the inference is that only those would continue to purchase them who had found wartime favourable to an increase of their wealth. There never was a community more willing and, indeed, eager to co-operate with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it would appear to be fair that he in return should be as considerate as possible of those who are bound to feel the burden most keenly.

OUT of more than one hundred and fifty young French writers who have fallen in the war, Mme. Duclaux has selected five for "The Chaplet of Heroes" which confers distinction on the new issue of the *Quarterly Review*. As a piece of writing it is incomparable. It has a lightness born of fresh imagery and vivid unexpected memories. Little flashes of insight, love and regret give sparkle to what otherwise would be too utterly sad. Nowhere has Mme. Duclaux expressed so passionately yet so unconsciously her love of the country of her adoption. There is no touch of over-praise. On the contrary, the peculiarities, shortcomings, faults of her heroes

are described most frankly. Yet we feel all the time that her voice thrills with kindness. Hers is the chiding of a mother whose eyes are wet with tears, glorious tears, but tears all the same, for grief refuses to be conquered by pride. These men gave only what they wished to give their country. In addition to literature they followed another profession, that of arms. Her words throw a clear light on the nobility of mind which the young French officers have shown in this war. They felt, as their ancestors never had occasion to feel, the importance of the army and the humiliation of belonging to a country that has been vanquished, "but has not yet avenged and redeemed that disgrace." They considered themselves "as belonging to the generation—to a series of generations—sacrificed in 1870, deprived by that defeat of their place in History." To them Death, as is finely said, was "a dream come true."

FIRST of the five to fall was Ernest Psichari, poet and mystic, a grandson of Ernest Renan, whose daughter had married Jean Psichari, the philologist. He was one of the 12,000 who for thirteen hours kept the Germans back at Rossignol, "a sort of southern branch of the terrible battle of Charleroi." They guarded the road by which the French were retreating. He had led his grievously wounded captain out of danger and returned immediately to his battery with a smile on his face, when a ball crashed through his temple and he fell dead across his gun. Péguy, man of genius, poet, bookseller, was killed while ordering his men to shoot. André Lafon, the gentle, the ardent, passed out of battle "like a sky-ascending wisp of frail white vapour." In 1913 Alain-Fournier claimed and obtained a place in the public eye, and was looked forward to as one likely to revive the pastoral novel in France; but before twelve months had passed away he had fallen in a murderous fight on August 22nd, 1914, so hacked and battered as not to be recognisable. Last comes Emile Nolly, Captain Détanger, who had hoped "to water his horse in the Rhine," but was wounded, and died in hospital. These men all live again in this most discriminating, most sympathetic essay, and their memory is a force still fighting for France.

## INCOGNITO.

Before we knew,  
The last time slipped into the past and never  
Woke sound of tears,  
Nor blessed words to echo on for ever  
Into the darkened years.  
We lived the last day heedlessly, the same  
As many a yesterday, nor thought of sorrow:  
We knew that we should do the same to-morrow. . . .  
To-morrow never came.  
The cord that bound our lives seemed truest  
As carelessly the last brief words were spoken,  
Yet as we met the last kiss with a jest  
That cord was broken.

ISABEL BUTCHART

IT is certain that public opinion would not to-day tolerate the neglect of those soldiers who come back from the war and are not able from one reason or another to resume their pre-war occupation. In earlier times we know from books and documents that after one of the long struggles on the Continent, which lasted in one case at least for a hundred years, disbanded soldiers, some wounded and some old, were left to make what shift they could for a living. Therefore preparation should be made beforehand for settling as many as possible upon homeland. By so doing we can at least avoid a recurrence of what happened after the South African War, when no fewer than 123,000 in a single year made their settlement in the United States of America. For such as desire to roam there is space enough in the Oversea Dominions of the King. It is desirable that Great Britain should provide for those who wish to remain at home, but the Colonies will gladly welcome the overplus.

A SCHEME for land settlement in Great Britain has been adumbrated in the Press from official sources. A brief study shows that it is an adaptation of the plan set forth fully and clearly in Mr. Christopher Turnor's book on "Our Food Supply," which we are just publishing. The majority of Mr. Turnor's proposals have been fully accepted, but there is one point on which there is an important difference. Mr. Turnor agrees that compulsory powers should be brought into existence for the purpose of acquiring land. He and the Government are also at one in regard to the question of settling

these new smallholders not in isolation, but in colonies. The matter on which they differ is that Mr. Christopher Turnor thinks ownership would be better than tenancy, while in the official outline the scheme takes the shape of an experiment in land nationalisation. The proposal is that the State should buy the land and let it on equitable terms. The argument in favour of the Government is that in any ownership scheme the holder must be burdened with the payment of certain sums over and above his rent which would be more usefully employed in the development of his land.

THAT the holder may have, in Mr. Turnor's words, "easy access to capital" the Committee recommend the establishment of co-operative banks and of co-operative credit societies, which at their outset should receive some financial backing from the State. These are the main features of the scheme, and they will, at all events, serve the purpose of furnishing matter for practical discussion. We are all agreed upon the object in view, and it is to be hoped that those who criticise will do so in a friendly spirit. Where they think there is a weakness, let them suggest something better. Those whose attention has been drawn to the matter for the first time will do well to start by reading what Mr. Christopher Turnor has to say. It is a subject dear to his heart, and there is no one who has got together more useful information upon it. The matter is one on which it is the duty of every responsible citizen to form a decided opinion.

A VERY practical proposal for at all events starting to deal with the settlement of soldiers has been made by Sir George Riddell in a letter to the *Times*. It relates to Hollesley Bay. We all know something of the colony that was established there for the purpose of providing work for the unemployed. To say the least, it has never been a brilliant success and has caused a heavy inroad upon the pockets of the taxpayers. It consists of about 1,300 acres, with buildings, and the original cost was £35,000, while the live and dead stock is valued at about £25,000, and there has been a considerable expenditure upon improvements. The colony has been run at a dead loss of some £15,000 per annum. Why this was so it might be profitable to enquire on some future occasion, as war has revealed that there has been abundance of work in England that needed doing and would have been remunerative at times when numbers of men were out of work. Very few are so to-day, and it is an excellent proposal that two birds should be killed with one stone, namely, that by turning this place into a settlement for soldiers we should at one and the same time get rid of what Sir George calls "a costly white elephant."

DARKENED London is not without its advantages.

At anyrate it has enabled the dwellers therein to behold the lovely skies of this year. The stars have been singularly clear and beautiful during the nights of many months past, and none more so than in February. In the early evening of Sunday of the present week the moon, Jupiter and Venus made a striking and, in the fine sense, mysterious picture, its shape that of an isosceles triangle, with Jupiter's strong light beaming at the apex, the graceful new moon (with the old moon in her arms) at one angle, and the soft, benignant light of Venus at the other. It was prettiest to see just after the rising of the moon. At its setting, Jupiter sinks first below the horizon and the picture is gone. But all the other stars shine as though they were determined to illustrate the beauty of Mr. Bourdillon's line, "The night has a thousand eyes and the day but one." When the moon has gone down there still remains a grand picture for the star lover, who at midnight may contemplate Ursa Major, Lynx, Cancer and a part of Hydra on the meridian. It is a sight calculated to make young and old turn to the study of astronomy, or astrology, as it was called in the words of a peasant in "suppositious" days.

EFFICIENCY in the Officers' Training Corps Contingents of the Public Schools has never been more important or, we believe, so high as now, and we are now arranging the shooting competitions for the two trophies offered for the first time in 1912. Particulars as to targets, etc., are being issued to the officers commanding contingents this week, and we hope that the number of schools competing

in 1916 will be larger than before. The organising of the Competition has not been without difficulty, because all the members of our Editorial Staff who ought to serve—and some who need not—are on naval or military duty at home or abroad. But the effort was worth making because the work of the O.T.C. remains of the utmost value, and anything we can do to promote keenness in the Public Schools contingents is a service very gladly rendered. The spirit in which they met the supreme call has been revealed by Major Haig-Brown in his valuable record, "The O.T.C. and the Great War," and the contingents will continue to fertilise the commissioned ranks until the need ceases.

THE *Morning Post* correspondent at Berne has sent a message which throws a vivid light on the care that Germany is taking not to waste even the most unimportant article of food. He says that instructions have now been issued to the public not to gather catkins from the trees whereon they are just beginning to appear, the hazels, poplars, willows, and so on. It is explained in the document that the long tassels of the nut trees are the male flowers, and if they are destroyed the diminutive red flower which comes later will not be impregnated and therefore there can be no nuts. The other catkins are visited by bees and therefore are essential to the storing up of honey. This is all very good natural history and no doubt the hazel nut is an article of food which is not neglected in Germany even in peace time, but we can scarcely imagine that the plucking or non-plucking of a few catkins would affect the crop. Nature, in her bountiful way, brings the catkins to the hazel in millions. They can be seen hanging on them now and will vastly increase in number during the next few weeks, hundreds of catkins to every female flower. But the German Government is probably more intent on making a parade of carefulness than in doubt about the crop of nuts, and, further, we confess to a considerable amount of scepticism as to the shortage of food in Germany being anything like so great as some of the newspapers try to make out.

#### IDEAL.

Sweeter than flower's smell,  
Better than light upon hills,  
Unknown, indescribable  
Craving the spirit wills  
Beyond the senses' power  
(More than the light and the flower)  
And no joy stills.

Glory a shadow of thee,  
That art what no man knows;  
Only that thou must be  
Joy's imperfection shows:  
Beyond the reach of man  
Ever since beauty began  
And longing rose.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

OUR sporting readers will be sorry to learn that one of their number, Mr. F. Russell Roberts, has been severely wounded at the front. Those who know him are well aware that he was one of the most courageous of big-game shots. Not very many years ago he was severely mauled by a lion, and he told the present writer that the incident had altogether destroyed his nerve and he would never be able to go big-game shooting again. But he erred on the side of modesty, and it was not long before the wilds asserted their old attraction for him. The circumstances under which he was wounded illustrate the daring side of his character. He had led his men in a night attack and was himself engaged in cutting the wire entanglements when he had the ill luck to attract the notice of a sentry. He received a shot in the knee without wincing or making any noise whatever, and he took a second bullet in the thigh in the same way. Then came a bomb which he promptly seized and was in the act of throwing back to the Germans when it exploded in his hands, causing the most severe of his wounds. In spite of all this he is doing well at the hospital and there is every reason for hoping that his vigorous constitution will be strong enough to carry him through this as it has carried him through other crises in life. At the same time it would be unwise to overlook the gravity of his case, which is due chiefly to the fact that the wounds were septic.



## ON "WAIT &amp; SEE" PHOTOGRAPHY.—I.

BY E. L. TURNER.

**T**HIS method consists in putting up a tent (or perhaps several) near any feeding ground frequented by birds and sitting inside it all day long with a reflex camera. It is far more exciting than it sounds, for the simple reason that you never know what may turn up. The charm of the sport lies in its very waywardness. Some of us are tired of photographing the eternal bird on its eternal nest. The game lacks variety for the naturalist who is keen to learn



A SKYLARK TWITTERING HAPPILY TO HERSELF.

an imperfectly technical print, if it expresses an emotion or a momentary action, is of infinitely more value than the self-consciously beautiful pictures one can obtain of nesting birds. By this "wait and see" method one sees so much of the inner life of birds when they are absolutely unconscious of observation.

By means of properly adjusted peepholes a large area can be watched, therefore no moment of the long hours lacks interest, even if no satisfactory photographs are obtained.



A REDSHANK FEEDING.

something of those habits and instincts which culminate in the building of the nest and in the rearing and dispersal of the young. There are so few bird photographers who care for anything more than the acquisition of a pretty picture or a technically perfect print. This rebel utterance perhaps needs qualifying. One's work should, of course, be as perfect as circumstances allow. But to the photographer who loves the bird better than the photograph

Sometimes the most enthusiastic photographer is apt to be bored if forced to face one properly conducted pair of birds all day when they have settled down to business and forgotten the mad riot and the joy of living and the lust of fighting which possessed them in the early spring.

One cannot, of course, record the best things one sees. These always take place just out of range or round the next corner. How can a mere camera depict a skylark



HUNTING IN THE SHALLOWS.





SHE LED HIM A LONG WALK.

pattering for hours in the long grass close to the tent, twittering happily to herself as she ruthlessly slays insect after insect and lays them in a tiny heap until the bundle is large enough to carry away comfortably? Or how portray the rollicking fun that is bound up in the heart of a wheatear wooing his mate amid the golden sandhills on a May morning?

Nevertheless, it is worth while trying to get something definite. Perhaps erratic photography of this kind calls for more concentrated effort than usual, as one has to keep one's eyes glued to the lens hood for long periods while a

bird plays near and yet will not come within range. The best months to work in are April, May and September, but one of the charms of the system is that any spare days throughout the year can be spent photographing birds instead of (or as well as) confining one's energies to, and working with feverish haste during, the short period of the breeding season.

I photographed a hooded crow, for instance, at 9.30 a.m. on February 24th. I placed a tent by a dead sheep which had been dead twelve days before I succeeded in securing the hoodie. Unfortunately, that morning I had



HE IN TURN ASSUMED INDIFFERENCE.

only four plates till the post came in, but as the policeman had warned me about the sheep, I thought I would try again, and think myself lucky if the hoodie appeared at all. I might have exposed a dozen plates, for the bird came at 8 a.m. and fed at intervals for nearly two hours.

Having satisfied his own hunger, he spent some time worrying an immature herring gull which also fed ravenously. He crept behind the gull, and with the inherent love of mischief pertaining to the corvæ family, he began tweaking the gull's tail. Finally, he maliciously seized the soft feathers beneath the tail and pulled out a beakful. This caused the gull to start aside with surprise and pain.

During the first week in May, 1914, I erected a tent by the banks of the Tay, nominally in order to photograph goosanders. I failed to get them; though a female dived

beautifully subdued but clear flute-like whistles. His dulcet tones were enough to cajole the heart out of any oyster-catcher, however proud. But she tripped unconcernedly



SANDPIPERS RAN PAST.



A REDSHANK IN FLIGHT.

just in front of the lens once while I was changing a plate. By the time the plate was in, the goosander was 50yd. away. However, as the spot chosen was a shallow reach with a shingle beach between it and the main stream, many species used it as a playing ground. A pied wagtail pattered over the stones, oyster-catchers, redshanks and black-headed gulls played there all day long. Common sandpipers constantly ran past, while the goosanders preened and sunned themselves just round the corner out of range. Some of the birds were nesting, but many of the redshanks and oyster-catchers were still indulging in their beautiful courting display.

The courtship of a couple of oyster-catchers caused me much amusement. The hen pretended she had no follower and led her admirer a long walk alongside the river, holding her head high and stepping daintily. He followed in her wake humbly, adoringly wooing her with the most

to and fro by the water's edge, now and again stopping so suddenly and unexpectedly that her pursuer nearly cannoned into her and both himself and his whistling were brought up short. When this occurred he in turn assumed indifference



A WAGTAIL PATTERNED OVER THE STONES.



and receding a few steps stood looking down-stream until she elected to move on. This, I conclude, was all part of the science of flirtation. It was a beautiful game to watch in the brilliant sunshine by the foaming river.

## ON THE QUESTION OF REPRISALS.

By A. CLUTTON BROCK.

ON the question of reprisals there is much confusion of thought among us, which may do us harm, both morally and materially, if it expresses itself in action. A nation, when it has suffered from an act of stupid brutality like the last Zeppelin raid, is not inclined to think calmly and clearly; but the chief German purpose in such acts is to confuse our thought and with it our action. We should not therefore wish to play into their hands even by indulging in a very natural moral indignation.

And first of all we should avoid a party controversy between those who like to take a high moral line at all costs and those who are irritated by their superiority. The matter is too serious for any such partisanship. There is a moral question of great importance and difficulty in it; but it cannot be settled by catch-words on one side or the other. Many of those who object to reprisals on principle, do so because they object to war on principle; but those who believe that we are right to wage this war cannot accept that objection. If war is not necessarily wrong, reprisals are not necessarily wrong, even though we do in reprisals what we should not have done otherwise. In war itself we do what we should not do in peace, and a just war is itself a form of reprisal.

Therefore we shall think clearly and rightly about reprisals only if we think of them as war and not as revenge; for revenge is not war. Its aim is not victory, but the punishment of the enemy for some crime which he has, or is supposed to have, committed; and this punishment is inflicted for the emotional satisfaction of those who inflict it. We can see this very clearly in the comments of some of the German papers on the great raid. They try to pretend that it had a military purpose, but they cannot keep up the pretence. Again and again they betray the fact that the raid was to them a revenge on England for being so wicked as to baulk Germany of the victory she deserved. They could not bear the thought that England was not suffering as she ought to suffer; and now in this raid she has been made to suffer. "In England," says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, "the people were living happily and free from care in the midst of war, while labourers were earning good money. Then the Zeppelins came out of the night and taught the haughty people that the war can overtake them everywhere, and that it is bloody, terrible and serious."

Now, when we read this, we should put away from us our natural disgust and realise that it expresses an entirely unmilitary state of mind, which we must not fall into. If the aim of the raids is to teach us that this war is bloody, terrible and serious, then their aim is to lose the war for Germany. That is the folly into which the passion for revenge can lead a nation which prides itself upon being military or nothing. It becomes as unmilitary as a naughty child. The raids are not war; and they are meant, in so far as they are not mere temper, to provoke us into unmilitary action. We shall not make it military by calling it reprisals. Any reprisal of which the main object is to make the Germans suffer what we have suffered at their hands will not be military and it will be immoral.

Therefore, those who are inclined to clamour for reprisals should ask themselves why they wish for them, and should give an honest answer. If the answer is that they desire revenge, then they should not clamour. Revenge may be sweet, but it is not war, and it is not moral. It is merely the costliest luxury that any nation can indulge in, as the Germans will discover in due course. But we may also desire reprisals so that we may not be exposed to future Zeppelin raids. This is a more plausible reason, but not necessarily a good one. It is not for us, but for the military authorities to decide whether it is of great importance that we should not be exposed to future raids. It is, of course, dreadful that non-combatants should be killed in war, especially women and children; but the best way to protect them permanently will be to win the war. At least, so all of us believe, except those who would like an immediate and

inconclusive peace. Therefore, if raids cannot affect the issue of the war, nothing must be done to prevent them which may hinder victory even for a day, for more men are killed and wounded in one day at the front than in all the Zeppelin raids put together. Therefore we must not ask for reprisals merely because we wish the raids to be stopped. But it may be that the German people do get serious encouragement from these raids. The Zeppelins are to them something more than a weapon of war or even of butchery. They are a symbol of the superior might and skill of the Fatherland. They firmly believe that all their enemies are in deadly terror of them. Before the war they talked incessantly of the great things they would do, and now they are convinced that they are doing great things. Probably one main object of the raids has been to hide the military failure of the Zeppelins from the German people, to persuade them that Zeppelins have this great value that they can attack the English in their island and subject them to that common terror of German war which is shared by all other inferior nations. At any rate, the Germans have a superstitious reverence for Zeppelins as their own peculiar weapon with which they can strike and never receive a blow back. A series of air raids upon their towns might dispel that illusion and might persuade them that there is no magic in the Zeppelin. But whether such raids can be successfully carried out without hindrance to military operations, and whether, if they were carried out, the results upon the German people would be of real military value, is a matter not for us but for our soldiers.

We hear a great deal about the psychological effects of different events and measures in this war, but we know very little about them. One thing at all events is certain: that the Germans do not in the least understand the psychological effects of their raids upon us. If they did they would give them up; and it is probably just as difficult for us to understand their psychology. One thing at least seems to be generally proved: that frightfulness does not make any nation anxious for peace. The Germans will not be frightened into peace, because they know what any peace not on their own terms will mean to them. It is useless to utter comforting platitudes about them such as that bullies are always cowards. They are the grossest bullies in the world, but they certainly are not cowards. Therefore aid raids are not likely to frighten them into a desire for peace.

But unless we have good reason to expect some military profit from them, either direct or indirect, we ought not to desire reprisals. It is our boast that we do not make war on non-combatants. It is the German boast that they do. We have a legal right to make war on German non-combatants because they have made war on ours; but we shall be morally wrong if we exercise that right without a military object and merely for revenge. The real charge against the Germans in this matter is that they have slaughtered uselessly and from the mere love of it. The aim of civilisation in war is to have no more slaughter than is necessary for victory; the German aim, which is part of their almost neurotic glorification of war, is to have as much as possible. We are for civilisation against barbarism, and therefore we should not wish to slaughter German non-combatants merely because their combatants fight barbarously. It is, no doubt, very important to convince them that their methods of war do not pay; but we can best convince them of that, probably, by beating them on land and sea.

And yet if those in authority believe that they can stop the Zeppelin raids by reprisals, they have, no doubt, a moral right to do so, and to protect our women and children at the cost of German women and children. For it is the Germans who put their own women and children in danger by their butchery of ours. They can make them safe at any moment by a promise to raid no more, and by keeping that promise. If we allowed our women and children to suffer merely so that German women and children should not, we should be doing a wrong to ours and we should not have any moral effect on the Germans. For it is unfortunately certain that they impute any kind of chivalrous forbearance in their enemies to fear; it is an article of their faith not to believe in chivalry at all. That is no reason why we should cease to be chivalrous, but it is a reason why we should not sacrifice any English lives in the hope of converting the Germans.

We must try to avoid both sentimentality and a stupid reaction against it; and the best way to do this is to indulge neither our desire for revenge nor our desire to be morally superior, but to leave the question of reprisals to the authorities without trying to influence them by clamour either way.



## TWO ANCIENT DALMATIAN PORTS.

By V. CLUTTERBUCK (ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. CLUTTERBUCK).

DALMATIA belongs to Austria, but Austrian—no, that it is not, after over a hundred years of possession. Its native language is Serb, with much Italian also spoken on the coast, but German one scarcely hears at all, except in the shops frequented by Austrian visitors. Its people are simple and ignorant, very tenacious of old ways, customs and costumes, and not easily to be converted into a commercial and modern people.

It was in search, first of all, of warmth and sunshine that we Northerners set out for Ragusa, the most southerly of Dalmatian ports. Also we hoped to find less of the monotonous luxuries prepared for travellers in France and Italy. In this hope we were not disappointed, for with the exception of one very good and very expensive hotel at Ragusa, full of overflowing of Austrian visitors, there was no accommodation to be found with any pretensions to comfort. We were at once face to face with primi ive notions.

On a glorious blue and sparkling day three years ago we steamed down the Adriatic calling at ancient ports, now new naval stations, where the ruins of a Roman arena, palaces,



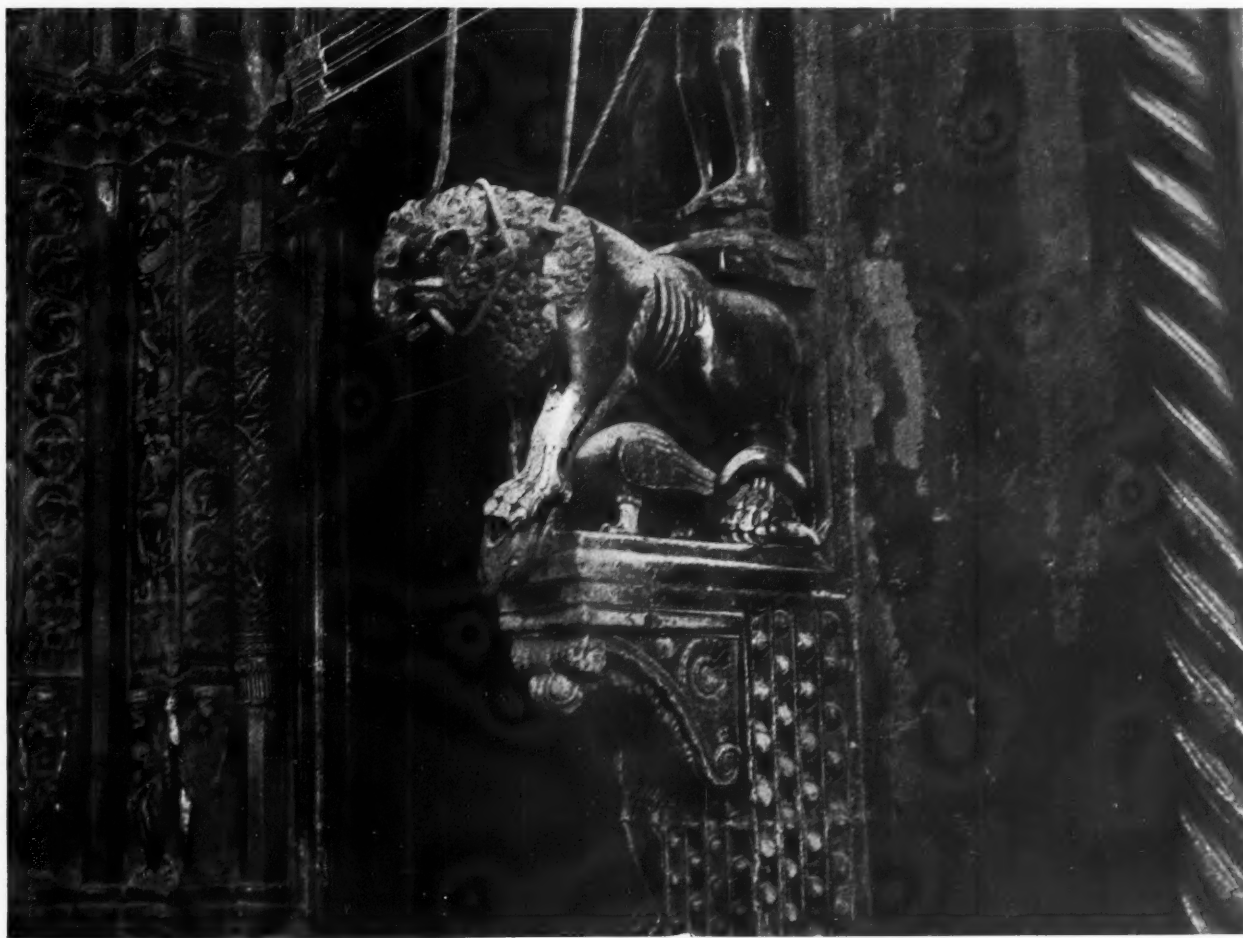
THE PORT OF RAGUSA.

temples, mix strangely with busy wharves and low, dangerous looking gunboats lying alongside them. Not every port is thus transformed; some that we called at, hidden behind islands, approached by intricate, winding channels, have been passed by the hand of progress, and are like small Italian harbours of long ago.

The coming of the steamer seemed to be the great event of the day, or possibly of several days, if one can judge by the eager, jabbering crowds flocking to the quayside to glean all possible news of the world outside their island home, and to comment on the strange travellers leaning over the steamer's rail. As evening fell the setting sun turned the bare, brown hills and distant high range of mountains into peaks of coral and garnet, and kept us late on deck wondering as to the unknown inland country, its fine, hardy people, and how they lived—apparently on stones, nothing being visible but rock and stone, no green valleys, no

wooded hills, only small, grey trees, shrubs, and again stones.

Early morning found us anchored at Gravosa, the excellent protected harbour of Ragusa about a mile away.

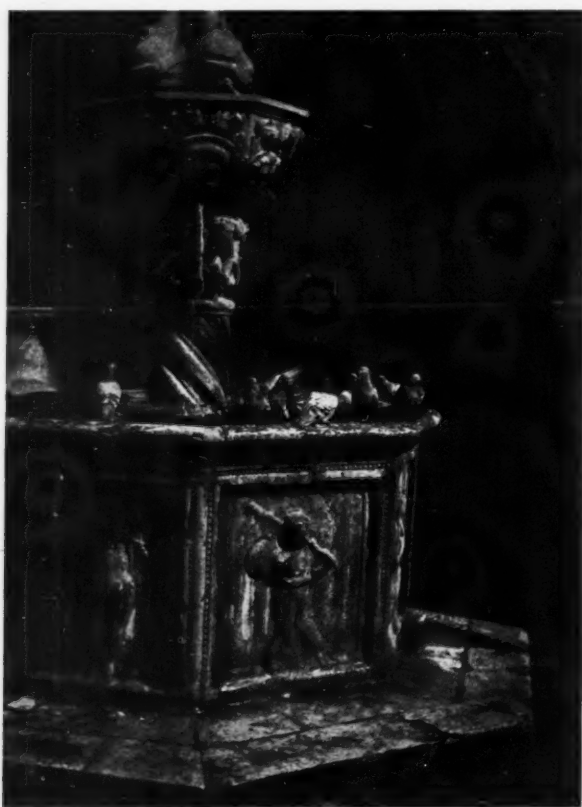


THE ENTRANCE TO TRAU CATHEDRAL.

and here, unfortunately, in a dismal downpour of rain we first made acquaintance with the natives of the Near East, the porters and cabdrivers in their partly Eastern dress of baggy blue knickerbockers, embroidered white stockings, embroidered coat and waistcoat, and scarlet fez. Ragusa is enchanting, unspoilt by its overflowing garrison, or even by its fashionable Austrian visitors. It seems part of the great rocky hills themselves, so cunningly is it built up ledge upon ledge of the selfsame stone. The town covers as well a tiny peninsula at the foot of the hills, like a landslide of stone, kept in its place and guarded from the sea by massive encircling walls. The walls creep on upward up the mountain side, and clasp the little town firmly, so firmly that she withstood many a siege and sheltered many a trembling refugee; she even defied proud Venice.

Ragusans have the pride of a nation, a tiny one certainly, but of ancient lineage. It is claimed that Ragusa was a Republic from A.D. 663, and lasted so with intervals of varying length, during which the territory was under the protection of Hungary, Constantinople, Venice and France to 1814, when Austria finally took possession.

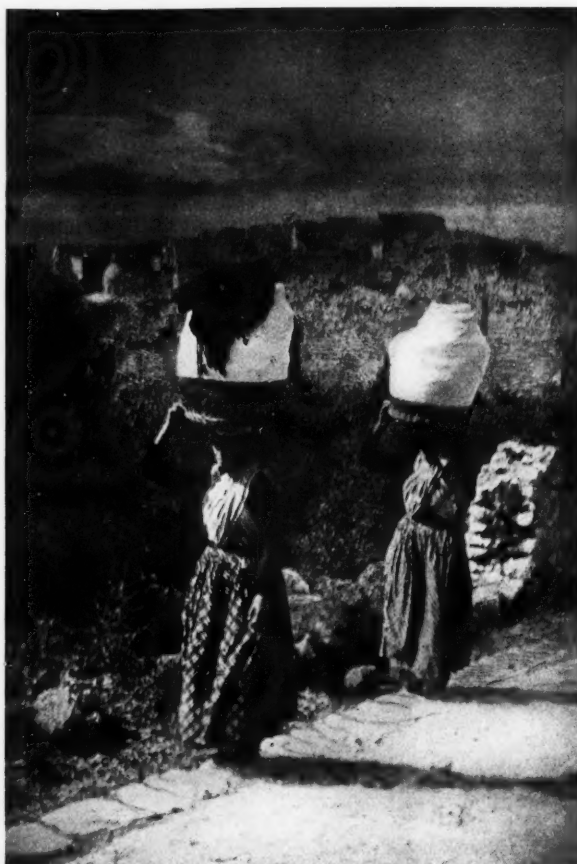
Thanks to the courtesy of the commander of the garrison, we, with other visitors, walked round the top of the great walls, so wide that they contain prisons, stores, barracks—a world of activity, hidden from the view of all, except sea-gulls and friendly swallows, maybe, who can peer into the



THE PIGEONS' BATH, RAGUSA.

loopholes. From the walls one gets the best idea of the crowded town, its carefully protected gateways (now without portcullis or drawbridge), its broad, paved, central street forming a valley through the town, and from it innumerable lanes becoming stairways climbing to the brow of the cliffs on one hand and to the mountain side on the other, but all within the great walls. Many buildings stand out prominently, churches, palaces, monasteries, but the general impression is of a crowd of old, irregular, pinkish-tiled roofs.

Now let us go and walk in the town early in the morning. One must be an early bird to catch the worm here, for everyone is astir with the sun, and business is most brisk in the market before 8 a.m.; by 9 a.m. all is over. Some of the country people come many hours' tramp over the mountains to Ragusa Market from Herzegovina, and occasionally from Montenegro. They start in the night and arrive with the dawn—these stalwart, handsome men and women, not white and tired, footsore and weary, but strong, gay and ready for many hours yet of strenuous activity. They have carried heavy loads of farm produce on their heads in big round baskets, walking over sharp, loose stones, or have driven laden ponies. Now all their goods must be sold and good bargains made and then the baskets must once more be



GOING HOME FROM MARKET.

filled with town goods needed at the distant farm, and by 10 o'clock work, gossip, refreshment must be over and the homeward climb begun.

What manner of men and women are they who work so hard and look so hardy? They are tall, muscular, brown, very jovial with each other but shy of strangers, and shyer still of a camera.

It is a crowd full of colour, blue and red predominating, but all wearing his or her national dress, so that those who



TRAU: ON THEIR WAY TO PASTURE.



understand know at a glance what district each comes from. The men are nearly all in blue, baggy knickers, embroidered coat, and scarlet fez and sash; the women are much more various, the Ragusan women with bright coloured handkerchiefs as head-dresses, others with spotless white caps, blue dresses and red embroidered aprons. Then the Herzegovinan women stand out from the throng in creamy white garments, long straight coats, large silver clasps at the waist, and long white veils turned off the face and fastened over a tiny red fez worn at the side of the head, and decorated further with bright artificial flowers and tinsel ornaments. All the clothes are made of homespun, white, blue or brown, all are spun, woven and dyed at home, all the embroidery is done at home, and the string shoes are made there also. These latter are most important, as no other form of footgear would carry them in safety and without suffering over the pitiless paths. The loads, when not carried by ponies (which is the exception), are always carried by the women, and often we saw one or two men riding the ponies while a party of, say, six Herzegovinan women trudged alongside carrying innumerable bags. These latter never carry loads on their heads, doubtless on account of their elaborate head-dresses, while the Ragusan and Dalmatian women in general always do so. It was amusing to see the great white baskets set down after market outside the humble restaurants while breakfast was being taken by the busy owners; then what chattering and fun in recapturing each her own load and getting friends to hoist it into position!

On Sundays the town was thronged again with peasants come to spend a gay and sociable day, first attending Mass at Greek or Roman Catholic churches (as many of one as of the



IN THE DOMINICAN MONASTERY, RAGUSA.



THE "ONOFRIO" FOUNTAIN, RAGUSA.

other), then endlessly strolling up and down the main street and chatting volubly always. What a gay scene and what a medley of colour, as at least a dozen different Austrian uniforms, noted for their beauty, were numerous represented among the crowd of gaily dressed peasants and fashionable promenaders. Vehicles of any kind very rarely dared to invade this favourite roadway (for them an ordinary road led round the town outside the walls), so here in peace the people walked, the pigeons cooed, the fountains splashed, and none too often the military band discoursed sweet music.

Of the many fascinating old towns on the coast and islands of Dalmatia perhaps the most interesting is Traù, near Spalato. It is scarcely changed at all since mediæval times, and though it is full of subjects for brush and camera, but few travellers dare test its accommodation and, therefore, never come to know it. It was only by a lucky chance that we found a new and clean house outside the walls where we could picnic with enjoyment. Traù has no street wider than 12ft. or 14ft. All its buildings are of massive stone, all the lower windows barred, its Piazza paved with great flags, its cathedral porch one of the richest in carved stonework in the world. The cathedral was built in the early thirteenth century, the glorious west door being dated 1240, and is indeed the pride of all Dalmatia. It is also signed with a Slav name—"Raduanus," or "Radovan" in native speech. At Traù the people were smaller and darker than at Ragusa, dressed in brown homespun, and the men wore the queerest little red caps on the side of the head. One cannot imagine any headdress less useful or ornamental, and only great antiquity can explain its use. Towards the open sea Traù was guarded in olden days by a castle, now in



ruins; but when seen at sunset its outline still shows bravely against the flaming gold and rose of the sky over the Adriatic.

The busy town of Spalato near by has more history, romance and change built into its streets and churches than a book would hold. There stand yet the massive walls of Diocletian's Palace, the lower tiers being now shops and houses. His mausoleum is the cathedral, his temple the baptistery. The great black marble pillars of the octagonal cathedral are worn by worshippers of differing creeds, the frieze of pagan dancers smiling down on all alike, and as

we watched the intricate rite of High Mass amid a great crowd of unlearned peasants, we could not help thinking how little the *mind* of the congregation might be changed, though perhaps the heart had treasures of good things within, which the old Dalmatian slaves had not.

Finally we sailed away from Austrian Spalato to Italian Ancona, a day's sunlit voyage. How little we thought then of the possibility of war and suffering for all the coasts we visited, and of the now sinister connection of the names Austria—Ancona.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE CARRION FLOWER.

SOME flowers possess the precious gift of fragrance, but there are others that emit an odour unmistakably like that of tainted meat. While we all appreciate the former, there is a tendency to regard evil-smelling flowers as degenerates of the vegetable world. And yet it is not really so, for if we look upon the subject from the point of view of the plant, we shall see that, whether the flowers are pleasant or unpleasant to us, they give off their respective odours with precisely the same object, viz., to attract insect life for the pollination of the flowers. The great aim of every plant is to reproduce its kind, and the pollination of the flowers leads to fertilisation and the production of seed. While some insects (the term is here used in its broadest sense) are attracted by nectar and sweet odours, others, like carrion flies, are tempted by the fetid odour of bad meat.

A newly opened flower of a *Stapelia* is the centre of attraction for bluebottles. The tainted smell of the flowers will summon these flies from afar. If we watch a bluebottle we shall see that it is obviously bent on business, and after flying around for a little while it settles on the corolla and makes its way to the corona in the centre of the flower. The stamens of the flower are fixed to the base of the corolla, and the carrion fly pollinates the flower in its search for prey. It is curious to note that the flowers resemble partially decomposed flesh even in colour, for they are usually dull red or livid purple. After



THE LOW-GROWING *STAPELIA HAMBURYANA*.

fertilisation the coloured corolla, having successfully played its part, very quickly fades away; but if the flowers are not visited, it remains attractive for days. This is one of those delightful instances in Nature where plant life triumphs over animal life.

Although it seems to have escaped the notice of naturalists, it is by no means unusual for carrion flies to so far mistake the flowers of the *Stapelia* for raw meat that they deposit eggs within the flowers. The eggs eventually hatch, but in the absence of food the larvæ soon perish. In so doing it seems very probable that the dead and decomposed larvæ contribute to the maintenance of the host plant. If this is really the case, then *Stapelias* are insectivorous just as much as the wonderful Pitcher Plant (*Nepenthes*), Sundew (*Drosera*), Venus' Fly-trap (*Dionaea*), or the Butterwort (*Pinguicula*).

There are about eighty species of *Stapelia*, all of them confined to the dry regions of South Africa. In general appearance they resemble Cacti or the fleshy *Euphorbias*. The thick, fleshy, four-angled stems serve the purpose of water storage and enable the plants to survive a protracted drought; they would, however, soon decay in long continued wet weather.

*Stapelias* need much the same treatment as the general run of greenhouse Cacti. A well drained compost is essential. Brick rubble broken to the size of Hazel nuts and sandy loam

in which there is a good proportion of silver sand make a suitable compost. The singular looking flowers show a good deal of variation, although they are invariably five-lobed and usually solitary.

Among the best known species are *grandiflora*, large deep purple flowers with grey hairs (the illustration depicts flower and buds a quarter their natural size); *gigantea*, enormous yellowish flowers, often over a foot in diameter; *spectabilis*, sometimes confused with *grandiflora*, but distinguished by its large flat and black-tipped corolla; *Curtisii*, sulphur colour; *Asterias* (Starfish-flower); *Leendertzia*, one of the few species with bell-shaped flowers, discovered a few years ago near Heidelberg, Transvaal; *anguinea*, snake-speckled; *barbata*, bearded; *hamburyana*, low growing and free flowering, with evenly spotted flowers; *eruciformis*, caterpillar-like; *maculosa*, spotted; and *mutabilis*, changeable. C. Q.



*STAPELIA LEENDERTZIA*.

A rare species with bell-shaped flowers.

### SEEDLING PINKS.

A FEW years ago I decided to grow a number of Pinks in a sunny part of the rock garden. I started with various forms of the common Pink, *Dianthus plumarius*,

both single and double, and many of them sweetly fragrant. The Cheddar Pink, *D. cæsius*, so much at home on wall tops, was also there; likewise the Fringed Pink, *D. superbus*, and a finely spotted Maiden Pink, *D. deltoides*. A light soil and the warm sunny aspect of the rock garden evidently suited the



*STAPELIA GRANDIFLORA*.

One-quarter natural size.

Pinks, for they flowered with wonderful freedom the first year. Many of the prettiest forms were saved for seed, but evidently the bees had crossed the flowers for the seedlings showed great variation in foliage, manner of growth and in flower. Most of the seedlings bore evidence of *Dianthus plumarius*, but now, after six years, it would puzzle the greatest authority on Pinks to detect any true species among the multitude of varieties now present. Some of the flowers are prettily striped and pencilled, some fragrant and others odourless. I find seedling Pinks extremely fascinating, for none of them comes true from seed—one never knows what may turn up next. Besides, I find chance colour schemes give more pleasing results than those I used to strive for by careful planting, and although I cannot call my flowers by their names, they are always happy and never fail to bloom profusely. Special varieties are quite readily increased from pipings taken in August or September, and the resultant plants are ready to put out in the spring. The plants do far better on elevations, such as a rocky bank or a retaining wall, than in the border proper. In a dry summer seed is very plentiful. Early spring is a good time to sow, while self-sown seedlings frequently spring up around the parent plants. If it is desired to grow true Alpine Pinks in addition to those already mentioned the following should certainly be included: *D. alpinus*, one of the prettiest of them all, it is low growing with rosy coloured flowers that are large for the size of the plant; *D. carthusianorum*, the Carthusian Pink, with a close head of pink flowers;

*D. carneus*, a neat plant thriving on a chalky soil; *D. gracilis*, a real Alpine gem; and *D. fragrans*, which, by the way, is more often than not devoid of fragrance.

#### ERICA CARNEA IN WINTER.

THE masses of pink flowers of this beautiful Heath lend pleasing colour effects to the garden at this time of the year, when Snowdrops and Winter Aconites are likewise appreciated for their welcome flowers in winter. *Erica carnea* is a low-growing plant not exceeding 6in. in height, but it is so profusely flowered that it never fails to make a perfect carpet of bloom. Could any other hardy plant produce such masses of flower at this season? It is an excellent subject for massing on slopes outside the woodland, or for planting in large breadths in the foreground of the rock garden where the low-spreading branches are allowed to grow more or less unchecked over the fringe of rockwork. Like most other Heaths it spreads rapidly in a sandy peat or loamy soil. Very few of the Heaths will render a good account of themselves in chalky soils, but *E. carnea* is so good-natured that it will thrive on limestone almost, if not quite, as well as it does on peat. We know of gardens in the middle of the Cotswolds where the soil is nothing but limestone, and this little Heath at the present time is flowering abundantly there. It is the one Heath of all others that will flourish on limestone. It continues to flower profusely from early February till late April. Two charming varieties have been sent out during the last few years, viz., King George V, one



SEEDLING PINKS IN THE ROCK GARDEN.



Reginald A. Malby

WINTER IN THE HEATH GARDEN.

Copyright.



of the finest in cultivation, the flowers are madder pink; and Queen Mary, another delightful variety of exquisite beauty, the flowers being pale carmine.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

HOLLY BERRIES.

SIR,—Would you kindly tell me why the holly this season has such an unprecedented number of red berries. This seems to apply to all parts of England. Personal experience has shown it in Staffordshire, Gloucestershire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Surrey, Kent, Worcestershire and Warwickshire. It is believed to be greater than any year previous within memory. Presumably it has a cause (and perhaps may have a consequence), though it is difficult to see in what way 1915 differed as regards weather from all other years.—S. S. S.

[The large number of holly berries to be found in many parts of the

country at the present time is probably due to the fact that in 1914 many trees bore little or no fruit. This had a beneficial result on the health of the trees and fruit was produced with great freedom in 1915. It is also likely that the weather of 1915 during the time when the trees were in flower was peculiarly favourable for the successful pollination of the flowers.—Ed.]

#### MEDICINAL HERBS.

SIR,—In reference to the paragraph on above in COUNTRY LIFE of the 15th ult., would you kindly give me some advice on the choice and cultivation of plants and as to the best soil in which to grow them. Any further information will be much appreciated.—H. J. DODGE.

[An article on Medicinal Herbs will appear in an early issue. There is, however, much difficulty in getting first-hand knowledge on drying and preparing herbs for medicinal purposes.—Ed.]

## CAPERCAILZIE STALKING IN RUSSIA.

BY FRANK WALLACE.

A FAVOURITE form of sport in Russia, to which I alluded in a former article on June 12th, 1915, is the "tok" or "lek." This is the Russian name for either the places where capercaillie gather in the woods or for the actual sounds emitted by the cock birds in the spring when they indulge in their love songs. Usually beginning in April, the sport varies a few days earlier or later, according to the season. It continues throughout the month and may last into May, when the tok abruptly ends with the first bursting into leaf of the aspen trees, a favourite food of these noble birds. The caper, as he is familiarly called, ranges from Siberia to Spain, and was successfully reintroduced into Scotland in 1837. Capers average in weight between 9lb. and 12lb., though they are killed up to 14lb.; and a writer in, the *Times* mentions a hoary old patriarch, killed in Russia, which scaled no less than 19lb.! This was in the autumn. The hen birds are considerably smaller. The spring call is variously described by different writers, and might be taken by those who hear it for the first time for the clicking and grinding of the bird's huge beak, though the sounds are in reality produced by the throat. Strutting with tail spread fan-wise, wings drooping, and head raised, he begins with a clicking noise like that produced by tapping a matchbox. This is the preliminary note. Sometimes he gets no further, but if he hears no suspicious sounds in the woodland the clicking becomes more rapid and then suddenly bursts into a strange whistling murmur marked by a regular cadence lasting just long enough for the sportsman to make two long strides. The concluding notes turn into a hissing sound, during which the bird is entirely deaf, and it is during these notes that the stalker is enabled to make his advance. He must stop instantly, whatever his position, before the bird regains its hearing. The oldest birds are the first to call, the younger birds, as a rule, not being heard throughout the mating season. There are generally two or three silent birds to every one that sings, and they render the stalk very much more difficult, as they are on the alert the whole time and give the old birds warning of danger. When the strange grating alarm cry is heard the sportsman may as well go home, for he will not obtain a shot. The hen is seldom seen but constantly heard while the tok is in progress between 1.30 and 3 a.m. Running or walking about on the ground she utters a loud cawing note and takes but little notice of a stranger, watching him from her shelter on the ground, and at times even flying into a low tree for a better view.

The shot is generally obtained at the first breaking of the day, and the bird must be killed outright. As many as seven have been killed by one sportsman in a morning, though this is very unusual. The convulsions of a bird which has fallen to the ground do not seem to scare any other birds within sight or hearing, though the warning cry will send them all to a safe distance. The greatest bar to success lies in the nature of the ground which the sportsman has to traverse before getting within shot. Dense covert, marshy ground, or fallen twigs or sticks, to say nothing of frozen snow all present obstacles which only the greatest care and caution can overcome. Herein lies the sport, for the actual shot, provided the light is sufficient and the bird offers a clear target silhouetted against the sky line, is not really difficult. The birds usually come back to the same places—almost to the same tree—each year, and these spots are well known to the keepers who wander about in the forests searching for fresh toks. Early in February, when the snow lies deep

in the forests but the warmth of the sun is just beginning to thaw its surface, the cock birds begin to strut about, "criss-crossing" the easily marked surface with their wing feathers. By these marks the keepers know the whereabouts of the birds and the localities where they are likely to be found later on.

The birds also come to the tok in the evenings just before dark, each bird coming to its own particular spot,



BRINGING IN THE BAG.

at least fifty yards from any other cock, and at almost exactly the same hour. The song uttered at this time is not the same as the morning call. The bird stands erect and utters three notes as though about to be sick! Stalking under these conditions is extremely difficult as the bird is on the alert the whole time, and the evening performance does not last for more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. In large toks where there are many birds almost every cock which is killed bears marks and scars of fights, and they are much more determined in their combats than are blackgame. I only know of one man who has stalked caper in the Continental fashion in Scotland, and he did not experience very great difficulty in killing



his bird. The locale consisted of soft, mossy ground, which considerably aided his advance and enabled him to get within shot with comparative ease. He is, however, an experienced stalker, and succeeded where many might have failed. No one who has ever seen wild capercailzie will forget the sight, and though I have never had an opportunity of stalking them, I tried a couple

of years ago, to kill a cock in an Aberdeenshire wood. I missed the only one which came within shot, a not unusual occurrence at the first attempt, for the noiseless, powerful flight is very deceptive. The hens, especially, wander far afield, and increase their range rapidly where the locality is favourable. They are now found in many parts of Scotland.

The call can be heard at a great distance, particularly the beginning and middle of the song. To distinguish it at a distance of half a mile on a calm night is quite possible, and they will call in any weather, though not after a

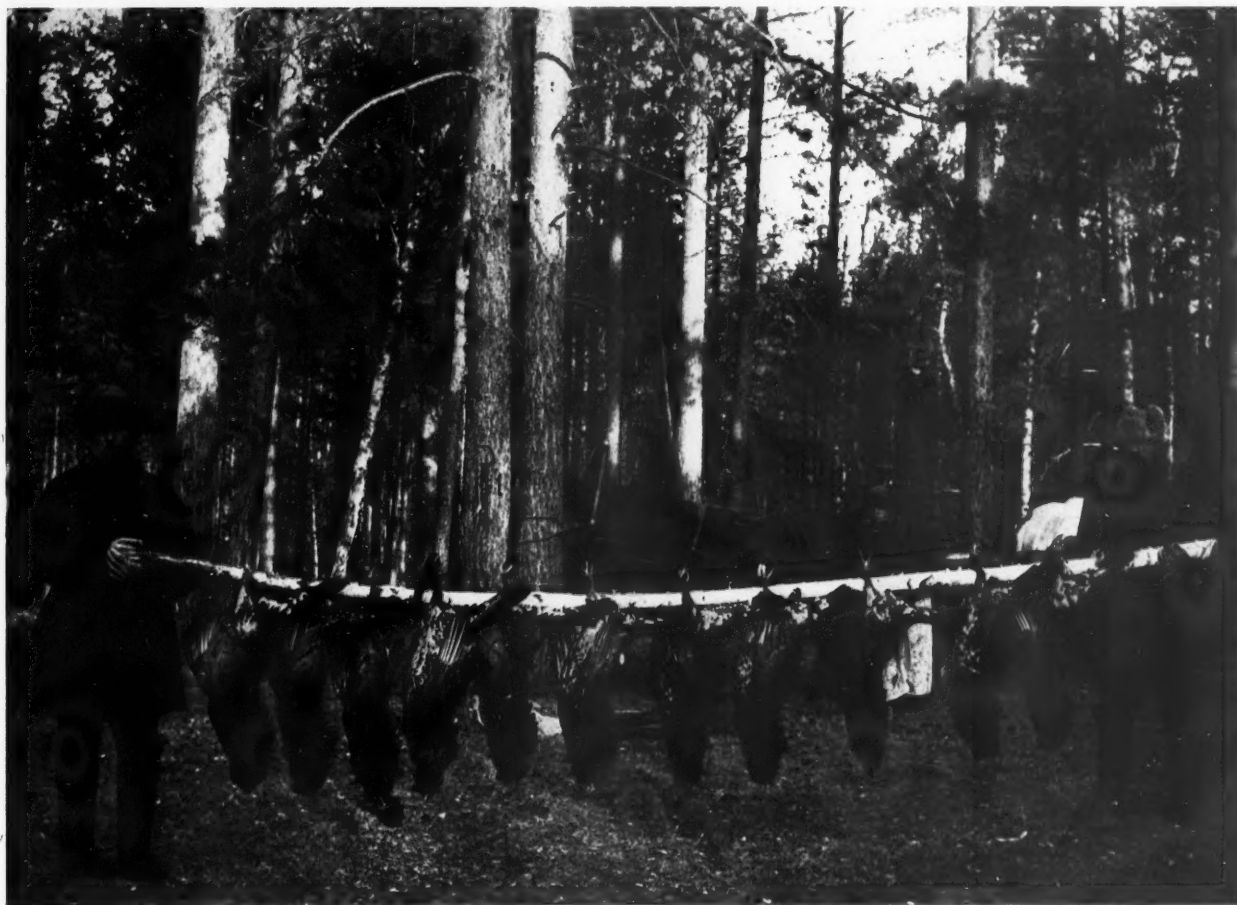


A SUCCESSFUL MORNING.

in Russia he has to contend with the silent-footed lynx, while the marten and fox wait for him on the ground. Incidentally, the sportsman himself, when engaged in the pursuit of the caper, is not unlikely to encounter bigger game in the shape of a bear, which, if a female with cubs, may give him a more exciting morning than he bargained for. The Czar is very keen on capercailzie stalking, and indulges his fancy every year in the Royal preserve at Gatchina. When happier times come again those owners of Scottish properties frequented by this noble bird might do worse than follow his example.

thunderstorm. Like the blackcock, capercailzie indulge in pseudo-erotic calling and displays in the autumn, especially in fine weather.

The caper, with the raven, is supposed by the woodsmen in Russia to live to a hundred years, and though this is only a fable, it is quite likely they would live to a great age if left unmolested. Though he has few natural enemies in these islands,



ELEVEN CAPERCAILZIE COCKS KILLED IN ONE MORNING, 1912.



**T**HERE is enough comradeship and interplay between the arts to make us wonder if Mr. Thomas Hardy, one of the fixed stars of literature, would have won equal fame in architecture if he had held to his first love. However great a devotion any of us may feel for the art which gives shape in building to the ideas of "commoditie firmeness and delight," none will grudge Mr. Hardy's desertion of the drawing-board for the pen. One of his early books has not only an architectural, but even a professional atmosphere, for George Somerset, the hero of "A Laodicean," is an architect, and no little of the story revolves round the restoration of Stancy Castle.

It is, however, rather by his inspired sense of the personality of buildings that Mr. Hardy reveals in his books the mark of his early training. We recognise in the scene of Tess's honeymoon the humble lineaments of Wool Manor.

Not less surely does Waterston Manor stand out as the stage of "Far from the Madding Crowd." When writing

of Wessex identifications Mr. Hardy says of Weatherbury, "the heroine's fine old Jacobean house would be found in the story to have taken a witch's ride of a mile or more from its actual position," but the description of the house itself is faithful enough.

"By daylight, the bower of Oak's new-found mistress, Bathsheba Everdene, presented itself as a hoary building, of the Jacobean stage of Classic Renaissance as regards its architecture, and of a proportion which told at a glance that, as is so frequently the case, it had once been the manorial hall upon a small estate around it, now altogether effaced as a distinct property, and merged in the vast tract of a non-resident landlord which comprised such modest demesnes. Fluted pilasters, worked from the solid stone, decorated its front, and, above the roof, pairs of chimneys were here and there linked by an arch, some gables and other unmanageable features still retaining traces of their Gothic extraction. Soft brown mosses, like faded velvet, formed cushions upon the stone tiling, and tufts of the house-leek or seagreen







Copyright.

THE SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

sprouted from the eaves of the low surrounding buildings. A gravel walk leading from the door to the road in front was encrusted at the sides with more moss — here it was a silver-green variety, the nut-brown of the gravel being visible to the width of only a foot or two in the centre. This circumstance, and the generally sleepy air of the whole prospect here, together with the animated and contrasting state of the reverse façade, suggested to the imagination that, on the adoption of the building for farming purposes, the vital principle of the house had turned round inside its body to face the other way."

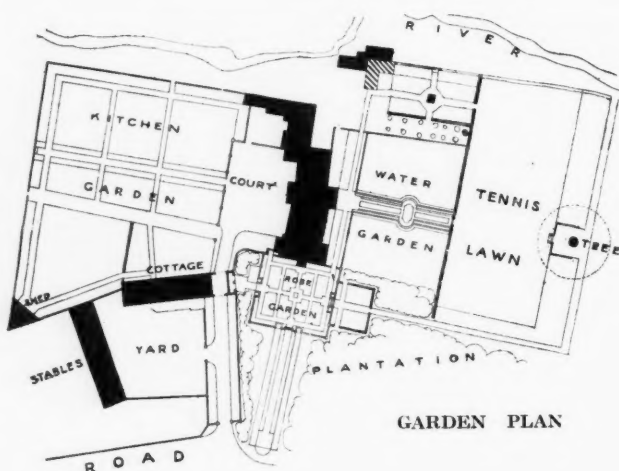
It is the power of the artist which gives life, and Mr. Hardy makes Waterston far more real to us than a regiment of antiquaries could do, entrenched behind the Domesday Survey and county records. Still, the facts may be given as far as they are known.



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GATE-HOUSE FROM SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDEN PLAN

Newburghs of East Lulworth and the Marneys, and so to the Thomas Howard who was first Viscount Bindon. Fire and alteration have dealt vigorously with the building so that it is difficult to guess what precisely was the plan of the original Tudor house, to which in 1586 Thomas, second son of Lord Bindon, added the fine east gable. It is probable that the south front, which unhappily bears no date on its face, was added about the same time, and unlikely that the house was ever of much greater extent than now. From the Bindon



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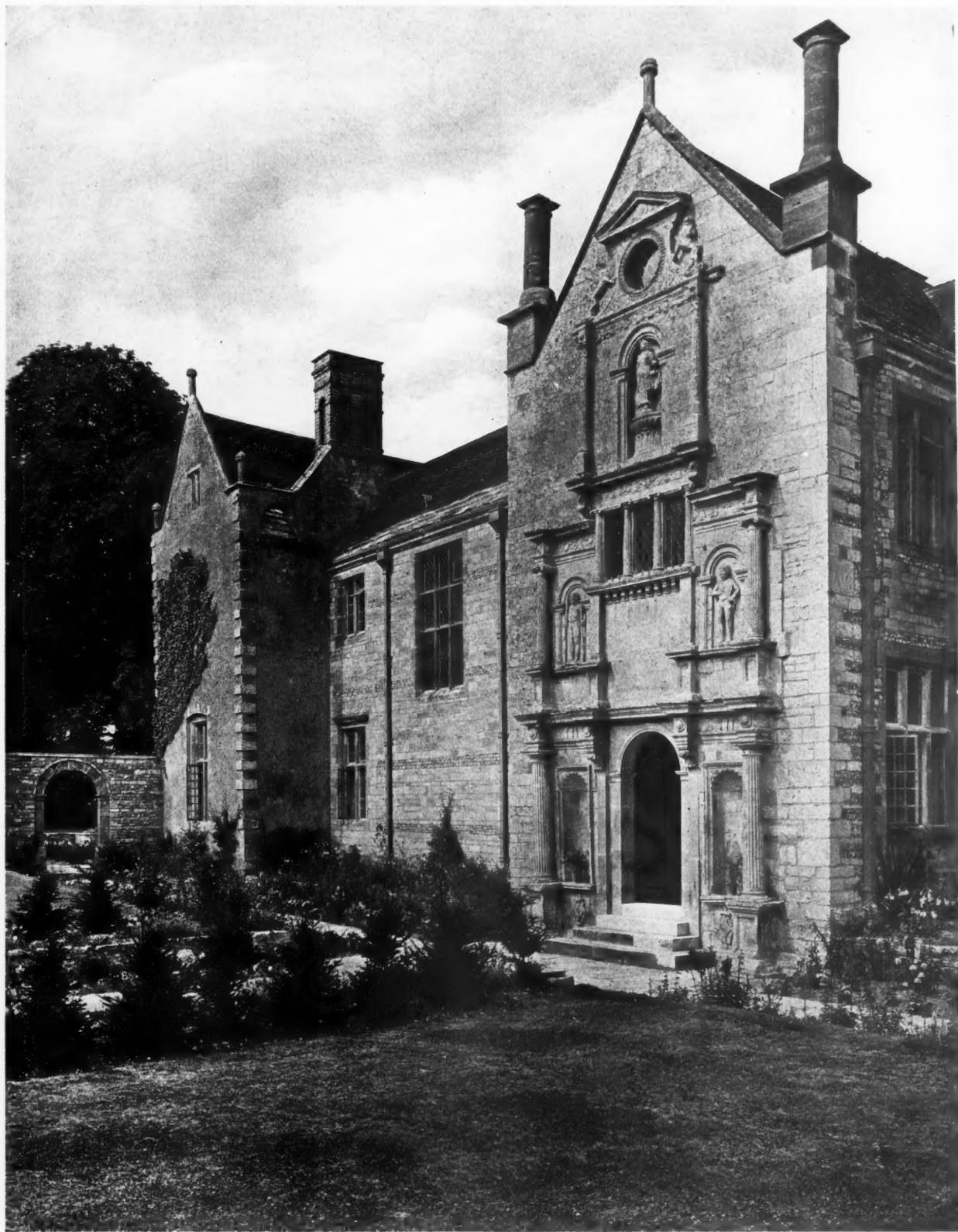
FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



family Waterston passed to Thomas Earl of Suffolk, and his grandson sold it in 1641 to Sir John Strangways. Four years later the estate was sequestered on his release from the Tower in part payment of the fine imposed on him for malignancy. Eventually it descended to the Earls of Ilchester, who are also Barons Strangways. At the great

A few years ago Captain Gerald V. Carter acquired the estate from Lord Ilchester. The house had long been used as a farm, and all vestiges had disappeared of the old garden which doubtless framed it. The enlargements and repairs needful to bring the house back into a state of architectural honour were designed by Mr. P. Morley Horder, who has



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GREAT GABLE ON EAST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fire in 1863, which destroyed the main body of the house, the south front and east gable luckily escaped damage, and a year later the fifth Lord Ilchester rebuilt the destroyed west side and the recessed middle of the east front. Reference to the plan shows the curious disregard of right angles shown by the sixteenth century builders. The north and south wings make no pretence at being parallel.

provided the necessary amenities in a thoroughly conservative spirit.

The main entrance to the house when used as a farm was on the south side under the delightful circular bay. This has now been made a garden entry leading into a small paved rose garden. Some old Jacobean stone arcades, which after the fire were built into the house in a meaningless



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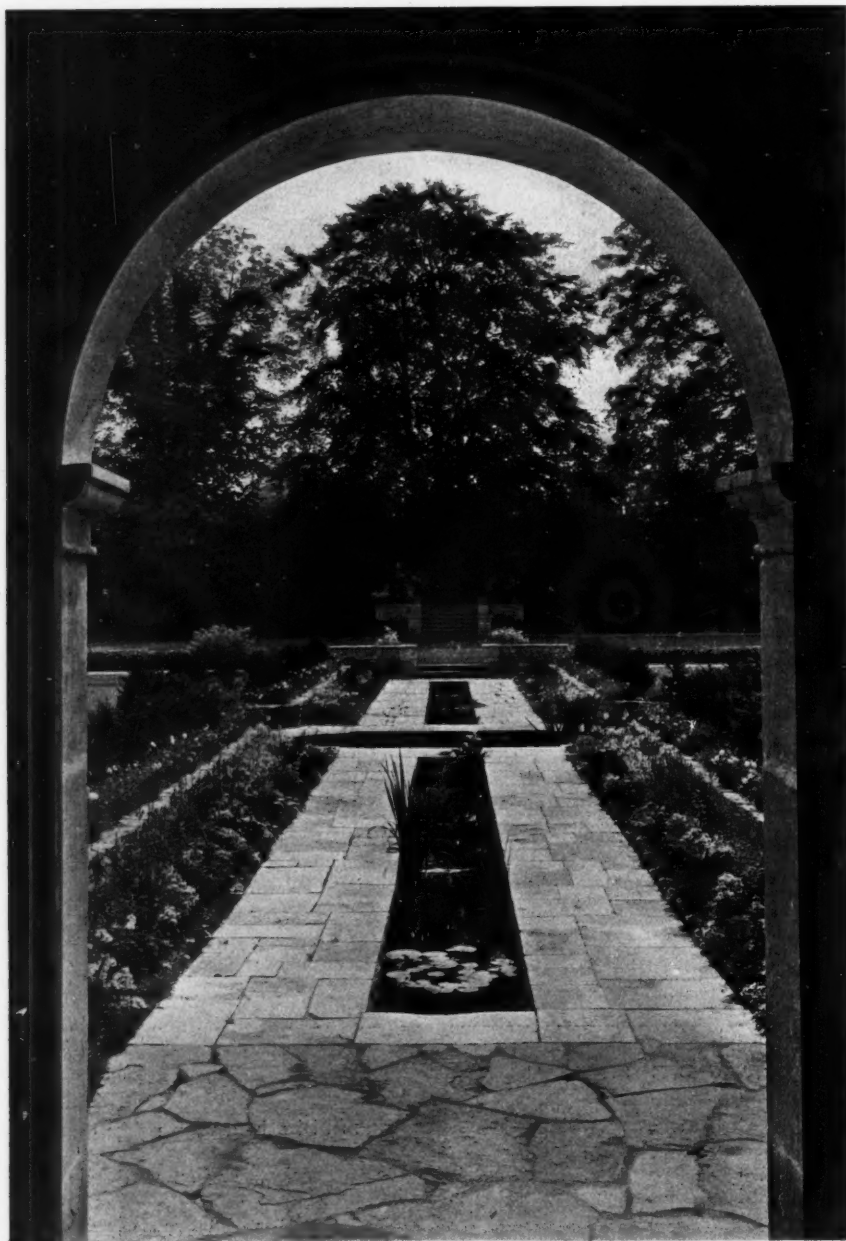
FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

way, have been used in the wing walls running out from the south front on either side.

Similar arches have been worked into the end of the farm buildings, which now form a garden-house overlooking the rose garden. A long cowshed which ran at right angles to the house up to the road was removed, leaving only an old wall. This wall formed an excellent screen between the private garden on the south and the new entrance drive which runs parallel with the new wall dividing the stable yard from the drive. Two old cottages formed one side of the stable yard, and the drive into the courtyard has been carried through the end of this block, which now suggests a simple form of gate-house—a treatment characteristic of many Dorsetshire manor houses.

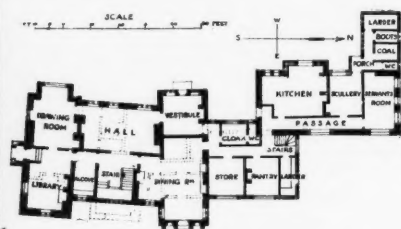
The beautiful eastern gable has been given again its old central position by the addition of the north-east wing and emphasised in the laying out of the grounds by the water garden leading from the dining-room door to the tennis lawn at a higher level.



Copyright.

LOOKING OUT FROM THE DINING-ROOM.

"C.L."



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

Waterston has long been familiar to the architectural student by reason of this gable, for it forms the subject of one of the most striking plates in Nash's "Mansions of England." The often inaccurate Nash tripped in his drawing, for he shows the two figures on the wrong sides, and his fine yew trees seem to have been a touch of artistic licence. At all events, nothing of them has survived, not even a stump. He was probably correct in showing the roof thatched. It was a common enough treatment for houses of much state as well as for humble cottages. A notable feature of the design of Waterston which it shares with its neighbour, Anderson Manor (Winterbourne Anderson), is the very tall proportion of the windows.

The disastrous fire in 1863 must have destroyed everything of value within the house, but Mr. Morley Horder has been successful in giving to the interior its old character in a simple way. The newly formed hall has been panelled with old oak worked locally and the old fireplace cleansed of the paint which veiled it. Hardy's description of the old staircase was borne in mind, and it was fashioned in heavy oak by local hand labour.

The old farm building where Gabriel Oak sheared Bathsheba's flock has been removed and the materials used in the alterations.

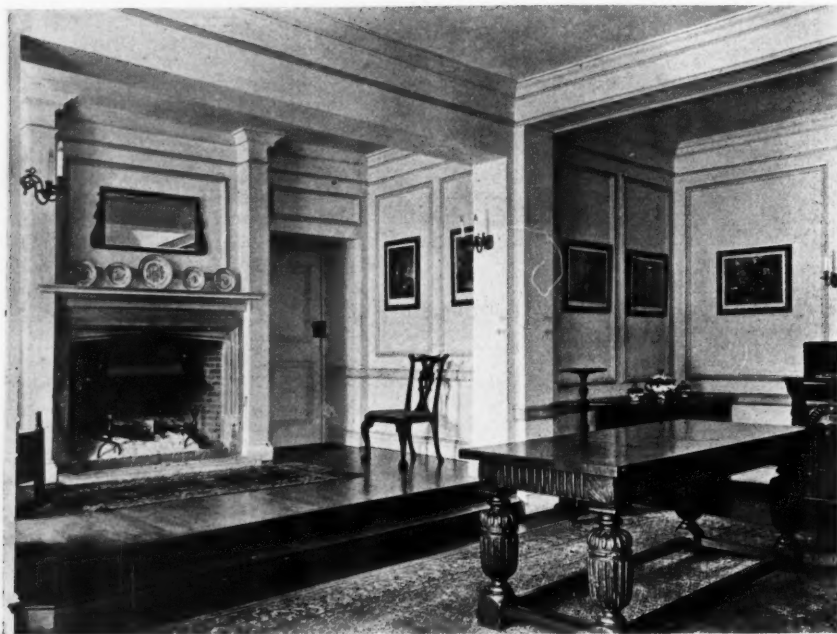




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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE.



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Hardy could never have had this particular barn in his mind's eye, for it was of recent date, and quite overpowered the house with its great gaunt brick walls. The old tithe barn at Abbotsbury answers better to his description.

It is fortunate that Waterston, beautiful in itself and fragrant with literary associations far exceeding in vitality its authentic history, should have fallen into such good hands, and Captain Carter may be congratulated on having so faithfully repaired the shrine of Bathsheba.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

## THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH TIMBER.

THE GROWTH OF CONIFERS.

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago, at the instigation of the then Earl of Derby, the writer formed several plantations on the Holwood Estate in Kent.

At the outset it may be well to state that these plantations were not formed with the object of producing valuable timber, but rather for the ornamentation and privacy of the newly acquired property. The trees used were the Scotch, Corsican, Austrian and Weymouth pines, the larch, and several species of hardwoods, and as all have succeeded well under exactly similar conditions, the following notes as to the rate of growth and production of timber, both of which are unusually great, during a period of twenty-five years may be instructive.

Previous to being planted the land, which may best be described as a hungry loam on a gravelly subsoil and sheltered, was let out for rough grazing and the cultivation of strawberries and other fruit.

The cost per acre of forming these plantations was:

	£	s.	d.
Pitting, 2,722 at 1s. per 100 ..	1	7	2
Planting .. .. .	1	1	0
Trees, at 40s. per 1,000 ..	5	8	0

£7 16 2

This price may appear both high and low, but in connection with the former it should be explained that the coniferous trees when planted were about 16in. high, the others about 3ft., all being placed 4ft. apart. Owing to the land having recently been under cultivation and labour at that time cheap in the district, the opening of pits was carried out by contract at quite a nominal rate, the size of each being 12in. square and 9in. deep. After being planted the trees required little attention for the first six years, at which period they averaged 8ft. in height and the shade occasioned by the branch spread had killed out most of the grassy undergrowth.

As the plantations were primarily intended for ornament and shelter, the retention of the lower branches of the trees, at least along the margin, was imperative, and in order to ensure this, early thinning was engaged in and carried out at regular intervals up to the present time, always bearing in mind to allow the boundary trees plenty of room for branch development, those inwards, in order to induce clean growth, being left much closer on the ground. Though in the latter case the volume of timber produced is comparatively less than along the margins, yet it is of greater value owing to the trees being straight



and clean-stemmed, the only exception being the Corsican pine which, even when isolated, has little inclination to form stout side branches.

The soil being light and resting on gravel was peculiarly suited for the growth of the pines, none of which suffered from disease or insect attack, though the Weymouth had occasional patches of the aphid with which it is usually attacked around London. The larch was practically free from canker.

During recent thinning operations a good opportunity was afforded of taking the actual measurements when felled of the various species of trees, these being as follow :

Austrian pine, average height, 46ft. ; cubic contents, 9ft.	
Corsican " " " 51ft. ; " " 11ft.	
Scotch " " " 45ft. ; " " 8ft.	
Weymouth " " " 42ft. ; " " 6ft.	
Larch " " " 47ft. ; " " 8ft.	

It will thus be seen that the Corsican pine has surpassed all the others both in height and quantity of timber produced ;

and in viewing the plantations from a distance the leaders of the Corsican pines soar quite 6ft. above those of their neighbours. The Austrian comes next in the quantity of timber produced, but not in height ; and the larch and Scotch are of about equal size, the Weymouth being equal to the latter in height but not in bulk of stem. But the larch beats all in value of timber for, while that of the various species of pine was difficult to sell at a remunerative figure, the larch wood was readily disposed of at a fair valuation.

My experience is that timber merchants fight shy of purchasing any of the pine family excepting the Scotch. This may be owing to prejudice or want of knowledge as to the value of timber produced by the Corsican and Austrian ; but from whatever cause, the fact remains that the timber of both these species is difficult to dispose of at any but firewood rates. That of the Scotch being better known finds a ready market at about half the price of larch, which latter, after all, is the most useful and profitable of any coniferous tree cultivated in this country, and one for which the demand always exceeds the supply.

A. D. WEBSTER.

## WHAT SOUTH WALES HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—I.

THE Welsh nation, as they were reminded by an ardent Welshman, were once a martial people proud in arms. The Welsh warriors used to say they "always went forth to war, but always fell," which is another way of saying they always died fighting. The Welsh and Border Englishmen, martial by habit, were the readiest weapon to Edward I's hand, as in 1297 the King had 8,000 infantry in Flanders, just half of whom were Welsh. More than 10,000 Welsh were drawn from Wales, men from the lordships of the South, Gwent, Glamorgan, Brecon and Pembrokeshire, in the following year for the Scotch campaign. The Welsh helped to win Crecy, and struggled for a generation under Glendower against the greatest Captain in Europe. And to-day the ancient martial spirit of Wales is not dead nor diminished. New formations, such as the Welsh Horse and the Welsh

3rd Brigade in General Lomax's 1st Division of the 1st Army Corps. The brigade had some stiff marching before they reached Mons, for in three days they covered 80 miles of country in the hot August weather, carrying their kit, rations and ammunition. Although most of the men had not been under fire before, they "simply shouted with delight when they knew they would be soon in action." Their trenches were discovered by the enemy's aeroplanes, but by a clever ruse the men were withdrawn through a deep cutting, and soon afterwards their abandoned position was pounded by the enemy's guns. They moved southwards to Landrecies, where the division was in action, and Guise, and by the 26th, when the whole 1st Corps was "incapable of movement" beyond the retreat southwards, they were without food for forty-eight hours. "We were absolutely starving," wrote Private Benyon of the 2nd



LORD N. CRICHTON-STUART. CAPT. COLWYN PHILIPPS.  
*Killed in action.*

*Killed in action.*

CPT. THE HON. H. L. BRUCE.

*Who fell near Ypres.*

LIEUT.-COL. MARDEN.

*Commanding 1st Welsh.*

Guards, who have the leek as their badge and the motto "Wales for ever," sprang into existence, and Wales promised to raise a Welsh Army Corps. And this was no empty promise, for the 1st Division of that Corps was reviewed in March ; and it has been estimated that Glamorgan and Monmouthshire have between them given nearly 100,000 men to the Army, the Navy, and the Territorial Force since the outbreak of the war. Besides those who have joined the three Welsh line regiments, the Welsh Fusiliers, which is based in North Wales, and the Welsh Regiment and the South Wales Borderers, based in South Wales, Welshmen are to be found in the Guards, the Cavalry and the Artillery ; are in the Somerset Light Infantry, the Devon Regiment's Service Battalions, and the Grenadier Guards, of which a very large proportion are men from Wales.

Of the two battalions, the Welsh Regiment, the 2nd, with the 1st South Wales Borderers, formed part of the

Welsh, "but were still able to sing snatches of Welsh songs." The regiment particularly distinguished itself in the fighting after the crossing of the Aisne, on September 14th and the two following days. The division had crossed the Aisne near Bourg, and the Welsh Regiment fought gallantly at Chivy, west of Vendresse, under the leadership of Captain Mark Haggard. On the 14th the Welsh Regiment had taken a ridge, and Captain Haggard, Lance-Corporal Fuller and two men went to take a machine-gun some sixty yards away. The man on Captain Haggard's right was killed, and the man on his left wounded and Captain Haggard shot down. Fuller rushed to pick him up, and though Captain Haggard wanted him to leave him, he carried him to cover on his back under very heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. "When I was bandaging him," said Fuller, "all his cry was, 'Stick it, Welsh.'" He never complained of his wound. Fuller not only carried Captain Haggard to cover, but tended him in a farmhouse until his death. A



MAJOR A. B. HIGGON.

*Killed in Gallipoli.*

CAPT. MARK HAGGARD.

*Killed in action.*

MAJOR MOORE-GWYN.

*Of the Glamorganshire Yeomanry.*

CAPT. MOORE-GWYN, M.C.

*4th Rifle Brigade.*

private of the regiment, who was also taken to the little farmhouse, spoke of the bearing of the officers who were "telling us yarns, were sending everywhere for milk, and resolutely refused to be bandaged until we were seen to. Captain Haggard died, his last words being, 'Stick it, Welsh.' He died, as he had lived, an officer and a gentleman." He was buried at midnight, and in the words of Private White, who was also wounded in Captain Haggard's attempt to capture the machine-gun: "Those of us who were close up to the captain and loved him so well will always regret that he did not live, for he, too, would have certainly got a Victoria Cross. He was a grand soldier; marched with us, and was one of the few officers who would carry a rifle and use it well, too." The Welsh held the ridge for thirty-three days, suffering not a little, like the rest of the 1st Division at Troyon, from German attacks throughout the length of the Aisne warfare, until they were moved northward in the flanking movement. From October 20th, when the line of the 1st Corps extended from Bixchoote to Langemark, the Welsh were in the thick of the fighting in the great battle of Ypres. On the 23rd the enemy concentrated against the 3rd Brigade near Langemark, the new German levies were mown down by our fire again and again, until 1,500 German dead lay about Langemark alone. "The Queen's," wrote an officer, "made a most gallant charge, and the Gloucesters and Welsh did splendid work from their trenches. The Welsh also sat out an attack by mobs of Germans and downed them splendidly."

On the evening of the 24th the line of the 1st Division was taken over by the French, and the former moved behind our troops at Zillebeke, and on the 27th the division lay between Reutel and Gheluvelt. The main weight of the German attack made itself felt on the 29th, when the South Wales Borderers and Welsh Regiment held the village of Gheluvelt. The German general, General von Beimpling, brought up fresh men from the huge forces at his command for repeated attacks, and on the 29th they were driven out of their trenches by an overwhelming force, but the Welsh, with the rest of their division, arrived in time to reinforce them, and acting together the two divisions retook the lost

trenches. The Welsh were relieved that night and sent a little to the rear for a day's rest, but the regained position was again taken, and again the Welsh were sent to win back the trenches a second time. "We were kept there to hold tight for two days," wrote a man of the Welsh Regiment, "after which the Germans made a terrific onslaught, against which no body of human beings could stand. They drove us out by sheer weight of numbers. Our men literally could not kill them off fast enough, although the machine-guns got too hot to touch and bowled over the advancing enemy in hundreds. We retreated to a wood just above Ypres." This was the day of the great German attack on Gheluvelt, the most critical point of the whole battle of Ypres, the crisis of the campaign in Flanders, when the counter-attack of the Worcesters saved the line.

But the Welsh, like the other regiments that bore the brunt of the repeated attacks, lost heavily. Many of the men were cut off on the 31st from the rest of the regiment, and in the end found themselves without ammunition. The toll of officers was exceptionally heavy. Lieutenant Colonel Morland was mortally wounded on the day of the great attack, and Captains Ferrar and Moore and Lieutenant J. W. H. Nicholl were killed. Among other stories of the devotion of men of the Welsh Regiment perhaps the most affecting is that of an unknown private who went to the rescue of Lord Raglan's son, the Hon. W. F. Somerset, under heavy fire and rendered him first aid. Although he could not carry him to cover, he lay down in front of him and said, "No shells shall touch you any more, anyhow."

After the heavy ordeal of the Ypres fighting, the Welsh were moved to the La Bassée region, taking their share in the trench fighting and the hardships of the winter campaign in their mud-pits of trenches. In the actions about Givenchy, near La Bassée, in December and mid-January the Welsh Regiment was again to the fore, especially in the counter-attack on Givenchy when, with the 1st South Wales Borderers and a company of the Royal Highlanders they killed or captured the German troops that had made a dash into Givenchy on January 25th.

The 1st Welsh, who, under Lieutenant-Colonel Marden, were brought over from India and joined the forces in France



MAJOR L. V. COLBY.

*Killed in action.*

LIEUT. J. W. H. NICHOLL.

*Killed in action.*

LIEUT. J. R. HOMFRAY.

*Killed in action.*

CAPT. W. PICTON-WARLOW.

*Lost while flying.*



in the early part of this year, have never lost a machine-gun nor a yard of trench since they came to France. A young officer, Second-Lieutenant Bryan, won the Military Cross for the handling of his company on May 8th and 9th, when the trench they had dug was obliterated by heavy shell fire and two machine-guns were buried. "He not only kept his company in hand and cheerful"—so runs the official report—"but rendered assistance to another regiment, and on being relieved, refused to quit his position till the machine-guns, one of which was twelve feet underground, were dug out under heavy fire." The 1st Welsh were brigaded with the Suffolks, Cheshires and Northumberland Fusiliers in the 84th Brigade of the 28th Division, which held on April 20th that part of the Ypres salient from a point east of Zonnebeke, to the south-east corner of the Polygon Wood. On May 3rd the salient was shortened, and the division held a line from the Menin road to a point east of Shell-trap Farm. On May 8th the 84th Brigade was shelled and pushed back, and the following day, after the Cheshires and Suffolks had suffered heavy losses, the whole centre was driven in, all but the Welsh, who would not retire until they were ordered. The Colonel kept sending back messages such as, "Our right flank is being turned, but we are quite comfortable," or "The men are doing very well; much better wait for retirement until dark." The retirement, however, was skilfully carried out, and a few days later the whole division, which had losses almost equal to those of the 7th Division in the autumn battle of Ypres, went into reserve.

The Territorial and Service Battalions have "stuck it" like the regulars, wherever they have been sent, in France or Gallipoli. The 4th Welsh under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones and the 5th Welsh under Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, and the 8th Welsh—the first Service Battalion to be formed—have seen service in Gallipoli from August onwards. The 6th Welsh, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, who was member for Cardiff, were in the thick of the fighting in the September advance. The regiment captured a German trench, from which they were driven by aerial torpedoes and bombs; and it was then found that Major Browning was missing. Led by Lord Ninian, the regiment made five distinct attacks to rescue him, and while leading his men he fell. "He died like the hero and gentleman he was, loved by all the men and liked by all who knew him," wrote one of his men; and another, a non-commissioned officer, "We have lost the best and finest Colonel that ever led his regiment into action." It is remembered in Swansea that before Lord Ninian left the town with his battalion he used the following words in an address to his officers and men: "I am prepared, as I am sure you are, to lay down my life for my country if required."

The men of South Wales have, like Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, given their services willingly. In the counties of Glamorgan and Pembroke, to take two of the south-western counties of Wales, Lord Plymouth, the Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, has lost his second son, the Hon. Archer Windsor-Clive, who was killed in action at Landrecies, when half a battalion of his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, was on outpost duty. Lord Plymouth's eldest son, Lord Windsor, is an aide-de-camp to Lord Methuen at Malta. Lord Aberdare's elder son, the Hon. H. L. Bruce, of The Royal Scots, fell last December near Ypres. His regiment had held their trenches in the neighbourhood of Ypres for five weeks, suffering heavy losses in men and officers, so that Captain Bruce was left on December 14th without any subalterns, while he himself was second in command. On the 14th, when the order came for an offensive movement, Captain Bruce gallantly led his men across the swampy ground dividing the enemy's lines from the British, under a rain of shot and shrapnel, and after capturing the trench with prisoners and guns was killed by a sniper when climbing out of the trench to lead his men to the next line of trenches. Colonel J. Picton Turbervill of Ewenny Priory, of the family of the famous general, Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo while leading his men to the charge, has also lost a son, Captain Wilfrid Picton Warlow of the Welsh Regiment and of the Flying Corps, who was lost while flying his aeroplane across the Channel. The other four sons, carrying on the fighting traditions of the Pictons, have been serving, and two, Captain Ivor Picton Warlow of the Gordon Highlanders and Mr. A. J. Picton Warlow, who took part with the Naval Brigade in the brief defence of Antwerp, are prisoners of war in Germany. Mr. Arthur Picton Warlow enlisted in the East African Rifles, Captain R. Picton Warlow is in the 5th Welsh, and the Rev. Frank Picton Warlow is serving as a chaplain at the front. Colonel H. R.

Homfray of Penllyn Castle raised and now commands the 18th Welsh, and his second son, Lieutenant John Homfray of the South Wales Borderers, has fallen in action. His only surviving son, Lieutenant Herbert Charles Richards Homfray, is in the 2nd Glamorgan Yeomanry. Lieutenant-Colonel John Nicholl of Merthyr-Mawr, of the Glamorgan Yeomanry, has acted as recruiting officer in the Bridgend district, and his eldest son, Second-Lieutenant J. W. H. Nicholl, was killed in action with the 2nd Welsh in October. Mr. J. E. Moore-Gwyn of Dyffryn has two sons serving, Major Joseph Moore-Gwyn, who is in the Glamorganshire Yeomanry, and Captain Howel Moore-Gwyn of the Rifle Brigade, who has won the Military Cross. Colonel Henry Lewis of Greenmeadow has two sons at the front: the eldest, Captain Henry Lewis, is in the Royal Field Artillery, and the second son, Captain R. W. Lewis of the Welsh Guards, has been awarded the Military Cross for his behaviour at Loos and at Hill 70. Mr. Capel Branfill of Ynystawe House has two sons serving: Captain Capel L. A. Branfill in the Glamorganshire Yeomanry, and Lieutenant Geoffrey Douglas Branfill in the 10th Hussars. Mr. Henry Miers of Ynispennllwch has two sons serving: Captain Richard Miers in the Glamorganshire Yeomanry, and Lieutenant Capel Miers in the Army Service Corps; and Captain Douglas Miers of Crinant, of the Cameron Highlanders, was killed in the disaster to the cave which was headquarters of the regiment on the Aisne, and his brother, Captain Maurice Miers, has been wounded. Mr. Traherne of Coedarlhydglyn, who rejoined the Navy on the outbreak of war after eighteen years at home, died on the Excellent, and his younger brother, Captain George Traherne of the Royal Artillery, is on the Staff at Pembroke Dock. Mr. W. H. C. Llewellyn of Court Colman is at the depot of the South Wales Borderers, and his three brothers are serving. Mr. L. G. Williams of Bonvilston Cottage has two sons serving in the Navy. Mr. Morgan Williams of Killay House has three sons in the Army, Major Dyson B. Williams and Lieutenant M. B. Williams in the 14th Welsh Regiment, and Lieutenant A. B. Williams in the 18th Royal Welsh Fusiliers; and Mr. George Insole of the Court, Llandaff, has also three sons serving. Lieutenant Claude Insole in the Welsh Guards, Mr. Eric Insole, intelligence officer to Colonel Philippe, and Mr. Alan Insole in the Royal Field Artillery. Lieutenant-Colonel J. Edwards Vaughan, after doing work in the recruiting centre in Neath, was appointed to command the reserve battalion of the 6th Welsh Regiment, and is now in command of the Swansea garrison. Among the losses in Glamorganshire are Colonel Richard Erle Benson, the fourth son of the late General Benson of Fairy Hill, who died of wounds when in command of the East Surrey Regiment; and Captain Mervyn Crawshay, son of Mr. Tudor Crawshay of Dimlands, who fell at Wytchaete when in the trenches with his regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards; and Lieutenant Oliver Valpy, nephew and heir of Mr. O. H. Jones of Fônmon Castle.

In Pembrokeshire, Lord Kensington was very active in raising the Welsh Horse, the first regiment of which he afterwards commanded in Gallipoli, while the third line is commanded by Captain George R. Pryse, brother of Major Sir Edward W. Parry-Pryse of Gogerddan. Many Pembrokeshire men are serving in the yeomanry, among them Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Lort-Phillips of Lawrenny Park, who although over the military age is in command of the second line; Major Schaw-Protheroe Benyon, Captain J. H. Langdon York, Mr. J. B. Bowen and Captain G. P. Roch. Captain E. W. Gower, son of Mr. Gower of Castle Malgwyn, who was guarding a bridge with a company of his regiment, the Munster Fusiliers, during the retreat from Mons, is a prisoner in Germany; and two sons of Colonel Morgan J. Saurin of Orielton are serving: the eldest, Captain W. M. Saurin, has been wounded, and the second son, Commander Gerald Saurin, has been mentioned in despatches in connection with his work in the bombardment of the Belgian coast. Captain George W. F. Philipps, second son of Sir Charles Philipps of Picton Castle, has been wounded. Among the losses in Pembrokeshire, Major Lawrence V. Colby of the Grenadier Guards, the son of Mr. J. V. Colby of Ffynone, has fallen in action. In the desperate fighting about Ypres in October, 1914, the Germans broke into the trenches held by the 1st Grenadier Guards; and Major Colby led the charge which recovered, though with heavy losses, the lost trenches, for which he was mentioned in despatches. Major A. B. Higgon of the Royal Field Artillery, son of the late Captain J. D. G. Higgon of Scolton, was killed in Gallipoli shortly after receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honour for good work in France at Le Cateau

and in the retreat from Mons, and he was also mentioned in despatches. Lord St. Davids, the Lord-Lieutenant of Pembrokeshire, who has taken an active part in recruiting work in South Wales, has lost his elder son, Captain the Hon. Colwyn Erasmus Philipps, who was killed on May 13th while leading his men into action. He died heroically;

in his last fight he was the first to reach the enemy's trench and killed five Germans before he himself fell. His brother, the Hon. Roland Philipps, holds a commission in the Royal Fusiliers, and Lord St. Davids' brother, Major-General Ivor Philipps, D.S.O., is in command of the Welsh Division now in France.

M. J.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DEVON PACKHORSE.

IT was with unqualified pleasure that I heard of the intention of the Prince of Wales to attempt to revive the old Devon packhorse. I was informed that a Norfolk roadster pack stallion had been acquired to mate with Devon pack mares that had been discovered, and it was hoped to re-establish a fast disappearing breed. Sixteen years ago I was told—the information was evidently incorrect—there was only one representative of the breed living. Since then the merits of the old Devon packhorse have been sung in my ears by many West Country horse-lovers who, without exception, have regretted his decay. It is possible the breed originated from crossing native mares with Eastern sires—and, by the way, how incalculable the benefit that has come to all our light breeds from Arab and Barb sources. One of my horse-loving acquaintances maintains that to the Devon packhorse belongs some of the credit of the making of the modern hackney. Be that as it may, it is fairly certain he had a share in the foundation of the Cleveland bay and, through the latter, of the Yorkshire coach horse.

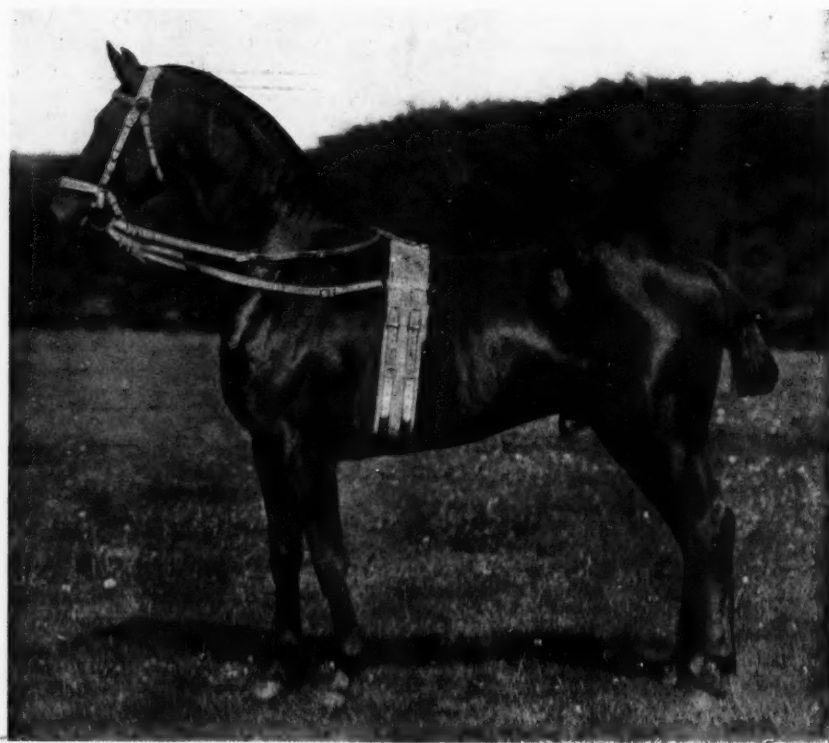
Reputation says this old packhorse was primarily a riding horse and up to great weight. I have been told by old Devonians that half a century ago their packhorses were big, powerful animals, many of them 16h. high, that they had short backs, huge quarters, were extremely big boned, possessed the true Arab head and had wonderful constitution and staying power. Their mission in life was to carry the farmer and his produce to market, over the often roadless tracks, impossible to vehicular traffic, and return with him and the household supplies, frequently covering from thirty to fifty miles in a day. Another duty was to carry the corn from the farm over bridle ways to the mill, where it was ground and returned in the same fashion to the farmhouse for home consumption. Bridle paths still survive as footpaths, mills exist as ruins, but alas! the packhorse as such has disappeared. He could and did equally well get through the work of the farm and was the farmer's general purpose horse on whom occasionally he rode to hounds. It can scarcely be wondered at that I and others have thought that in the packhorse could have been found one solution of the present remount difficulty. Farmers, and small farmers in particular, would readily breed animals for which they could find a certain sale. Misfits of any kind from a breed of this description would, as four

year olds, at least realise their cost, while, failing satisfactory sale, the farmer could himself use such active, powerful animals on the land. Many farmers have found to their sorrow that it does not pay to breed light horses now, but they could take no exception to an animal which would not be out of place in the plough, and at the same time promised profit from sale. Indeed, I wish it were the custom rather than the exception to use quick-moving horses on English farms, as is the practice in some of our Colonies.

I believe there are only three stallions at present registered in the Stud Book of the Devon County Packhorse Society. Of these, Pride of the Dart is the single representative of the original breed. I have not seen him, but am told that, although he has been a wonderfully successful sire, he is a little common in appearance. The other two stallions in the book are Black Shales and his own brother, Findon Grey Shales, both of the Norfolk roadster strain which is reputed to be closely related to the Devon packhorse. A horse-lover who knows them tells me Grey Shales and his sire are of much stouter type than Black Shales. The Duchy authorities, very naturally, would have preferred to travel a true Devon horse, but the only one available in England, referred to above, was old, which meant risks of unfruitfulness and lack of vigour in stock. Sportsman, one of the old Giles breed and a son of Triumph II, of whom more hereafter, was in Australia. He might and probably would have been brought back to this country but for his death about a year ago. Of the two Norfolk representatives in the Devon book, Findon Grey Shales was not to be had. Hence it came about that his lighter built own brother, Black Shales, became the horse on whom the Duchy authorities rested their hopes of reviving the Devon packhorse, whose height a kindly correspondent who has been a diligent enquirer into the records of the

breed informs me was from 15h. 1in. to 15h. 3in., and not 16h.

With memories of many conversations, when the opportunity came of looking at the Prince's Norfolk roadster pack stallion it was welcomed. May I confess to some disappointment with Black Shales? He was not the horse I had pictured. He lacked some of the qualities hoped for, and thus, although possessing many merits, did not altogether satisfy anticipation. But here is his portrait—a by no means flattering one. From it, knowledgeable readers will be

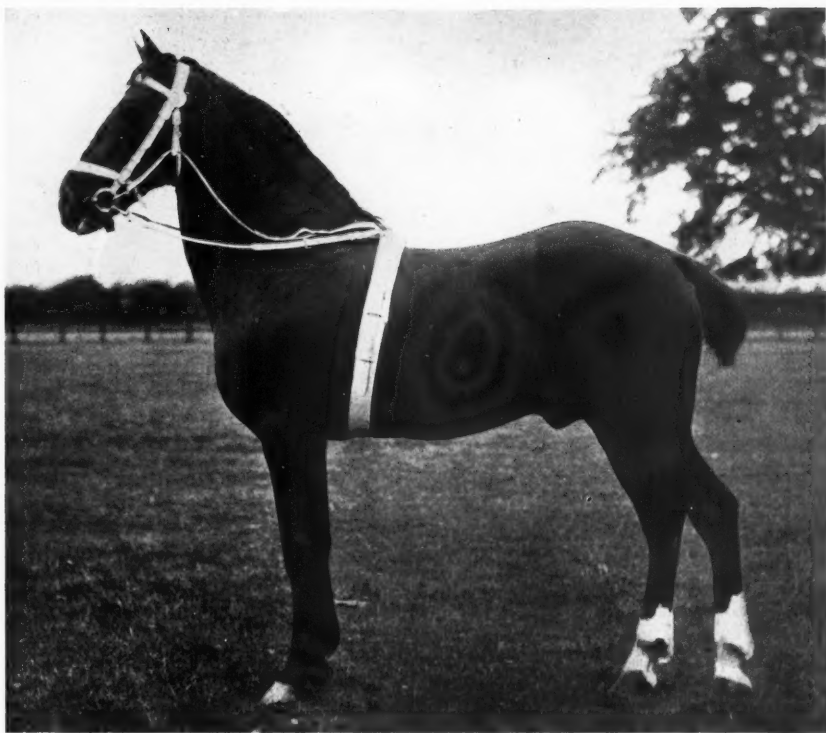


BLACK SHALES.



almost as well able to judge as though they saw him in the flesh.

But another confession is now necessary. After seeing Black Shales I made it my business to find and compare a photograph of the stallion which a decade since was reputed to be the last of the Devon pack-horses with the portrait of Black Shales. This old horse, Triumph II, was bred by the late Mr. Robert Giles, and was of the strain bred by the Giles family through several generations. Triumph's portrait was equally disappointing. He no more came up to expectation than did Black Shales. That my readers may also compare the two horses, this portrait of the old Giles representative is here reproduced. For my own part, since making a comparison, I have wondered whether the memories of my old friends played them false. Was their description of the breed correct? Elderly men often sound the praises of the thoroughbred of the mid-Victorian period at the expense of his descendants. The younger man is often puzzled when he remembers that most things improve. It is true that in the case of the blood horse conditions have completely changed. He is not asked to do what he once was, and though his powers in certain directions may have deteriorated during the last half century, in others they have increased. At the same time there is at least the possibility of distance lending enchantment. This may equally well hold good in the case of the packhorse, which these aged men described as a weighty, powerful animal in phrases which give an impression of the good, heavy omnibus type of twenty years ago, known to most of us. However this may be, Triumph came of a strain that possessed powers of no small order. His grandsire, Cottage, was not only the champion trotter of his district, but won the world-famous Totnes Steeplechase over one of the stiffest courses in the country against thoroughbreds and half-breds. The blood is therefore valuable, and I am glad to hear that a few mares with this strain in them are to be found on the Duchy Estate. A portrait of one of them accompanies



TRIUMPH II.

Darley Arabian. Once more that impressive Eastern blood comes up. Who can tell how much we owe to it? That local farmers possess no doubts about the Prince's horse is shown by his overflowing list last season. The Duchy authorities will do well to limit that list to reasonable proportions. In the present case it is very desirable to aim at quality rather than quantity. There is no need to restrict Black Shales to the forty mares, which by an unwritten law is the number to which the owner of a valuable thoroughbred is limited by bloodstock breeders. The Board of Agriculture suggests ninety as the maximum by their rule of paying for not more than that number of half bred mares sent to a premium stallion. This maximum can be accepted as a limit to which Black Shales might be wisely restricted if he is to render really good service to breeders in the Dartmoor area. I look forward to seeing some of his stock this summer, and should value any photographs of them that may be sent.

Meanwhile, it has not been without interest to

examine some of Bewick's horse drawings. It can be objected that they are not photographs, and are the work of an artist who might idealise. But Bewick possessed the master's eye and hand, and is not open to the criticism that usually applies. It cannot be denied that he gave a true representation of every bird and beast he sketched. Test him by any living thing of which you have full knowledge, and he will scarcely fail. It follows that his drawing of the packhorse was true to life.

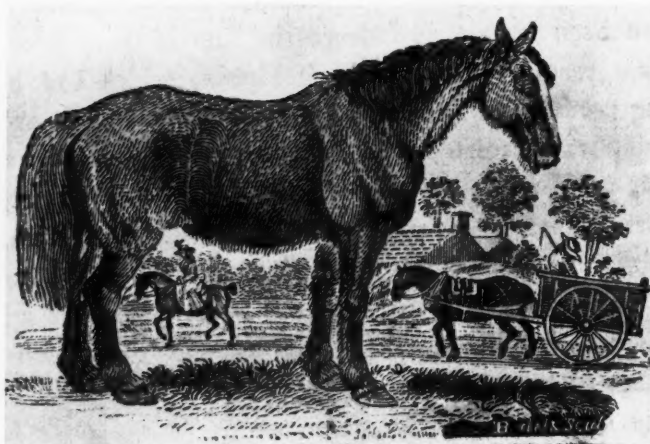


A DEVON PACK MARE.

Look at the accompanying illustration taken from his "History of Quadrupeds." The portrait gives an impression of scope, substance and weight-carrying power that all horse lovers would wish re-established, while the distant figures indicate the uses to which the horse was put. The packhorse of Bewick's beloved Northumberland was described by him as the common cart-horse, but he fulfilled the same purpose as his brother of Devon and Cornwall. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that the original Devon packhorse was built on the lines depicted by Bewick. Should those who desire to revive him aim at this type? It is an open question. All that can be said here is to express the hope that the heavy task the Duchy authorities have set themselves may be satisfactorily accomplished.

As an interesting postscript I reprint the following extract from Bewick's description of the packhorse:

Till of late years, *Pack-horses* were employed, in the northern counties of England, to carry the different manufactures and articles of traffic from



THE PACKHORSE AS BEWICK SAW HIM.

his leader, by accident or fatigue, was thrown into an inferior rank: The poor animal, as if sensible of his disgrace, by the most strenuous exertions, at length recovered his usual station, which he maintained during the remainder of the journey; but, on his arrival in the inn-yard he dropped down dead upon the spot, his life falling a sacrifice to his ambition—a species of heroism we must admire even in the brute creation.

HERBERT PRATT.

\* Since writing this I have learned with considerable interest that the mare whose portrait is shown owns *Triumph II* for her sire. She is twenty-one years old and is in foal to *Black Shales*.

## LITERATURE.

### AN ENGLISH NOVELIST IN RUSSIA.

**M**R. HUGH WALPOLE has spent more than a year in Russia and as an officer in the Russian Red Cross has seen a great deal of the war and of Russia. We went to see Russia and he has cast his experiences and impressions into the form of a novel. In whatever form he had recorded his impression of Russia we should have read him, for he is a gifted and sensitive artist. He apprehended Russia before the war, he had the call to go there, loved Russia even before he saw her face to face. So he writes:

I was in Polchester when the war broke out. I seemed at once to think of Russia. For one thing I wanted desperately to help, and I thought that here in England they would only laugh at me as they had always done. I am short-sighted. I knew that I should never be a soldier. I fancied that in Russia they would not say: "Oh, John Trenchard of Polchester . . . He's no good!" before they'd seen whether I could do anything. Then, of course, I had read about the country—Tolstoi and Turgeniev, and a little Dostoevsky and even Gorki and Tchekov. I went quite suddenly, making up my mind one evening. I seemed to begin to be a new man out of England. The journey delighted me . . . I was in Moscow before I knew. I was there three months trying to learn Russian. Then I came to Petrograd and through the English Embassy found a place in one of the hospitals.

The war has kindled a considerable literary and artistic life at Petrograd and there is a little literary London there. Besides a whole series of capable journalists there are at least three English novelists—Arthur Ransome, Percival Gibbon and Hugh Walpole. Many men and women have gone there for inspiration, have taken refuge there or have accepted posts there. Besides which are all manner of distinguished English visitors, genial Americans and Red Cross sisters. English and English-speaking people are more numerous there than before the war. The picture Hugh Walpole gives of Trenchard presents a characteristic figure:

He stood under the dusky lamp in the vast gloomy Warsaw station, with exactly the expression that I was afterwards to know so well, impressed not only upon his face but also upon the awkwardness of his arms that hung stiffly at his side, upon the baggy looseness of his trousers at the knees, the unfastened straps of his long black military boots. His face, with its mild blue eyes, straggly fair moustache, expressed anxiety and pride, timidity and happiness, apprehension and confidence. He was in that first moment of my sight of him as helpless, as unpractical, and as anxious to please as any lost dog in the world—and he was also as proud as Lucifer. I knew him at once for an Englishman; his Russian uniform only accentuated the cathedral-town, small public-school atmosphere of his appearance.

Such Englishmen are entertained by the Russians, find affinities, companions, fall in love sometimes, in any case have social adventures. Has not one portly, burly, old-fashioned, humorous American from the Far West lately married a Russian princess! Whether or not the war visitors to Russia get to see the real Russia is a matter of personal taste. The first Russia that you see is the bourgeois; he is not stupid as bourgeois often are, but clever and original and baffling. From them you may pass to literary and artistic circles, or to military circles, or official circles. Thence you may get behind to the working class or to the peasantry. The worst of all these classes is the bourgeois; but though the worst it offers most scope for the novelist, because there in decadence you get glimpses of the living and characteristic ideas of the other classes. The bourgeois is the nation's purgatory, where all manner of lost souls are calling out, repenting and cursing. Walpole makes the bourgeois tell us of Russia:

I know what he expected to see—romantic Russia. . . . He expected to find us, our hearts exploding with love, God's smile on our simple faces, God's simple faith in our souls. . . . He has been told by his cleverest writers that Russia is the last stronghold of God. . . . Later, like all Englishmen, he will dismiss us as savages, or, if he is of the intellectual kind, he will talk about our confusing subtleties and contradictions. But we are neither savages nor confusing. . . . We are a very young people, a real and genuine Democracy, and we care for quite simple things, women, food, sleep, money, quite simply and without restraint. . . . In Moscow they eat all day and are not ashamed. . . . In Kiev they think always about women and do not pretend otherwise . . . and so on. We have, of course, no sense of time, or method, or system. If we were to think of these things we would be compelled to use restraint and that would bother us. We may lose the most important treasure in the world by not keeping an appointment. . . . on the other hand we have kept our freedom. We care for ideas for which you care nothing in England. . . . We are pessimists, one and all. Life cannot be good. . . . We are never to be relied upon, as friends, as enemies, as anything you please. Except this—that in the heart of every Russian there is a passionate love of goodness. We are tolerant to all evil, to all weakness, because we ourselves are weak. . . . We may not believe in God, but we have an intense curiosity about Him—a curiosity that with many of us never leaves us alone, compels us to fill our lives, to fill our lives. . . . We love Russia. . . . But that is another thing. . . . Never forget, too, that behind every Russian's simplicity there is always his Ideal—his secret Ideal, perhaps, that he keeps like an ikon sacred in his heart.

"The Dark Forest" portends to be a novel about Russia, rather than a book on Russia, fiction rather than fact, but it is crammed with the author's authentic impressions. In that respect it lacks art and the story in the latter part rather denies the purpose of the beginning. On the



whole it was too ambitious on Mr. Walpole's part to cast his impressions in the form of a novel and assuming wings, he would fly before he can walk. The consequence is that, almost before he has said how d'ye do in Russian he is, by way of probing, the inmost soul. It is like Rozencrantz and Guildenstern trying to use the soul of Hamlet. Now Mr. Walpole is so gifted and subtle that should he remain in Russia four or five years he would eventually write a novel that would be delicate and true, and he would then be shy of some pages in "The Dark Forest." We think he would have put his wonderful year into more memorable form if he had simply given his impressions and set down in clear black and white what he saw, what he understood and what he did not understand. Still we are very thankful for what we have and it may be noted here that this novel is a step in a new direction in English fiction. Quite possibly it marks the beginning of a new era. Up till now we have cheerfully assumed that a foreigner was no more than an Englishman speaking a different language and having slightly different clothes, manners and morals. We are now recognising difference in soul. Mr. Rothary Reynolds made a mild attempt in "The Gondola," Mr. Walpole has it as a definite artistic purpose. He has also the making of a great novelist, though he has not found his line of destiny. "The Prelude to Adventure" was a book of great promise, and "The Dark Forest" indicates that the promise will be fulfilled. There are four or five of our novelists who were vigorous and popular before the outbreak of war, but they have fallen away into obscurity with other phenomena of their time, but Mr. Walpole probably belongs to the new era. One thing rather takes away from the pleasure of reading "The Dark Forest," and that is the smallness of print and the crowding of the lines. Is this one of the first symptoms of the paper famine!

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## THE UNREMUNERATIVE VIRTUE OF BREVITY.

THE following note is from our occasional contributor, "R. St. J. M.":

"Your placing side by side the rendering by Renan and that in the Authorized Version of a sublime passage in the Book of Job set me thinking of how garrulous and wearisome is the average modern author; I had almost said Mr. Arnold Bennett, because of his being the most pre-eminently average author extant in any language. I agree with you that the French is not as good as English for rendering the spirit of the Hebrew. Ernest Renan, a master of French prose, was not a poet. But he never appeals in vain even in that capacity. The apparently trivial remark I wish to make is that in brevity he nearly equals the Bible, though he falls short in beauty. Actual counting shows that there are a hundred and twenty words in one version and a hundred and seventeen in another, practically the same number. In that lies the condemnation of the modern habit of paying literary work by bulk. The fearfully average Arnold Bennett I judge to be sincere and to have imagination and the capability to produce thought akin, if distantly, to that of Job, but over how many volumes, how many hundred thousand words would he spread! If Job be spirit of proof, by no trope or metaphor shall you express the dilation in plain figures, ordinary language will not suffice."

## THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF AN IDEA.

So much for our clever, but rather odd correspondent. We would have willingly excused him for being lavish with words if he had explained what he meant by terming Mr. Arnold Bennett "pre-eminently average." Did he mean everymanish or just ordinary? Often I have thought as my correspondent does on hearing how some little poem (read in a whiplash) is the result of thinking and brooding extended over a long time. The central thought of "Jock, to the First Army," was wrestled with for months, till suddenly it took shape in a railway carriage. Of the birth of "The Beetroot," which in language as well as conception ranks among her best, Mme. Duclaux gives a most arresting account. She will, I know, forgive me for extracting it from a letter not originally intended for publication. Some future annotator will be glad of the information. Mme. Duclaux wished to remove a misapprehension. She says: "The contrast which I found too sad for words was the contrast between the scenes of almost unimaginable prosperity in which I had always seen the beetroot growing and its environment to-day. I did not mean to say that with my own carnal eyes I had seen the unburied soldier on the beetroot fields. Thank Heaven, I have not!"

## DIARY SHOWING THE POEM'S GROWTH.

Mme. Duclaux, who is as versatile and lucid as she is poetic, goes on to give by dates the stages of growth, and in doing so reproduces with fidelity and vividness the atmosphere of her adopted home, of Paris, of France. I will set out the dates in separate paragraphs, so that they may be the more easily apprehended.

(1) December, 1915.—At the end of December I was reading some proofs for the *Quarterly* on the death of Péguy, and re-read Victor Boudon's account of it, which concludes: "J'aperçois au milieu de tant autres à demi enseveli dans les larges feuilles vertes des betteraves, le corps de notre cher lieutenant." I paid no attention to the phrase at the time, but on

(2) January 2nd, 1916.—I sent my maid to see her brother encamped at Barcy, near Meaux. She came back in tears, the soldiers having shown her on the plateau, in the fields of grain and beetroot, the innumerable little flags, hundreds of them, waving on the graves of the dead soldiers.

(3) January 15th.—I read the article on Sugar Beet in COUNTRY LIFE.

(4) January 17th.—At the hospital on January 17th I had a long talk with a new *blessé*, a lad of twenty-two, shot through both knees. He tells me that his most terrible experience was not his being wounded, but his first arrival at the field of battle in Artois. The class of 1914 had only six or seven weeks of preparation at their base, and arrived full of fine ideas and inexperience to stop the gaps of shattered regiments. When they came to their first trenches, between them and the Germans stretched a beetroot field, a sort of no-man's-land, under fire and half-submerged in mud and flood, full of unburied soldiers who had been there for weeks.

(5) January 18th.—Violent migraine and I wrote "The Beetroot."

## "THEIR'S WAS A VISION OF A VISION."

It would be difficult to think of anything more poignant and enthralling than this account of the manner in which an event of the hour was transfused into poetry. Something of the same kind must have occurred when the old ballads were made. It called to mind Wordsworth's "Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow, For old unhappy far off things, and battles long ago." Only they were neither old nor far off to the early minstrel. One cannot help thinking that if this kind of poetry is destined to grow and develop, it will for the time being, at any rate, render obsolete some of the trifling, if beautiful, "art" in which the poets had come to delight. Their's was a vision: this is straight from the sad reality. It has a backing, a strength, an emotion that the other was bound to lack.

## THE ELUSIVE SPIRIT AND THE TRANSLATOR.

IT is difficult at all times to preserve, through the diluting medium of translation, the distinctive essence of a writer; when the writer is one whose chief title to fame is that he is a stylist, one wonders how the translator beats off despair and finishes his task. Such a stylist was Théophile Gautier, whose *Fortunio* is now translated. (John Richmond.) In addition, as is common knowledge, both Gautier's subjects and his treatment of them were sometimes such that even in France a prejudice was created against him, and there seems little reason why this particular book, an elaborate satire on a minor romantic clique of nearly a century ago, which was distinguished for a time by the most extravagant eccentricity, and of which Gautier was a leader, should have been translated. Its merits are lost, its defects accentuated by the process of translation, above all by translation into a language so peculiarly intractable in the case of such subjects and such treatment as English.

P.

## A Woman in the Wilderness, by Winifred James. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

OF books on Panama the number is legion, and very dull many of them have been for the general reader. *A Woman in the Wilderness* is the exception, for it is not only not dull, but interesting from cover to cover. To most people the little half-built Panamanian town with which this fairly bulky volume is concerned would have been the essence of stagnation, physical and mental. Not so to Miss James. Arriving there in June, 1914, and picturing a lovely home in a tropical wilderness, she found, instead, a hideous box of a house raised above illimitable mud. All the houses in the place were built on piles in a swamp, and linked together by a footway of boards a bare three feet wide. Tropical luxuriance was represented by two trees only, relics of what vegetation existed before the filling of the swamp began, and even one of those flourished in an impassable bog. The other was "the one landmark, the belfry of the little shambling, unbuilt town." There were no conveniences of any kind, no shops, not a yard of solid ground on which one could take exercise, and the score or so of very mixed white folk who ran the little colony knew no diversion except an occasional trip in a launch up the lagoon. In a temperature which spells misery to anyone with northern blood in their veins, the author found herself generally reduced to doing her own housework. The labour question was indeed acute everywhere. "No native," says Miss James, "either Panamanian or Colombian, will work at anything. When they are hungry they can go out into the lagoon and dynamite enough fish to feed themselves and sell to the white people, who are always ready to pay anything for something that is not in a tin. And the banana is always with them." Nor are the coloured folk the only ones whom she arraigns for idleness. Here is her opinion of the Panamanian American. "Nothing is ever done to-day; everything is to-morrow, and the Americans are as bad as the natives. This is comforting to me, a Britisher, who has till now humbly accepted as a truth the fiat of the American upon English manners and customs of doing business. The American arrives at his office at 8.30 and leaves at 6, as against the Englishman's 10 to 4.30 or 5. As far as I can see, the American wastes his time in his office, the Englishman wastes his outside." At the opening of the canal the Americans had another surprise in store for Miss James. After the achievement of the almost unachievable, they might have been excused for excessive rejoicing. On the contrary, the first ship that traversed the great waterway crept along like a funeral barge. "When we passed through the locks, we passed in absolute silence. On the great and wonderful day when a dream four hundred years old had been by them realised, they (the Americans) signalled their victory, without music, without uniforms and with mugs of cold tea and dishes of broken meats." When the war broke out, the sympathies of the other colonists, with the exception of a handful of Germans, were all for the Allies, and Miss James sums up the Teutonic attitude tersely, but truly. "While England and other nations seem to fight for something, the Germans seem to fight against somebody." In the midst of her anxieties about the war, the filling of the town sent an overflow of salt water and mud into the swamp and turned the last vestige of greenery brown; swarms of mosquitoes and sandflies were driven out and invaded the house, while sulphurous gases released from the bed of the creek destroyed the white paint that she had striven twelve months to attain. The plagues of Egypt were as nothing compared to those endured by this English woman in Panama, yet she writes of them as gaily as she does of her dogs, or a rare expedition to the Caribbean sea coast. She has learnt the golden truth that "a healthy disregard of that which is not to be altered goes a long way towards making any condition a success." It certainly has contributed towards the production of a delightful book.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LETTERS FROM A SUBALTERN, R.F.A.

[We now publish portions of another letter from the erstwhile subaltern, who weathered his second Christmas in Flanders with unimpaired spirits.—Ed.]

We caught three Boches on the run this afternoon and this is what it looked like. It was an absolute fluke, of course. I just happened to begin ranging the battery on the hedge, when the Boches got out of their trenches, which were evidently damp, and began to run along it. The first round was a beauty and they all went to ground like rabbits. I don't know if we hit any of them.

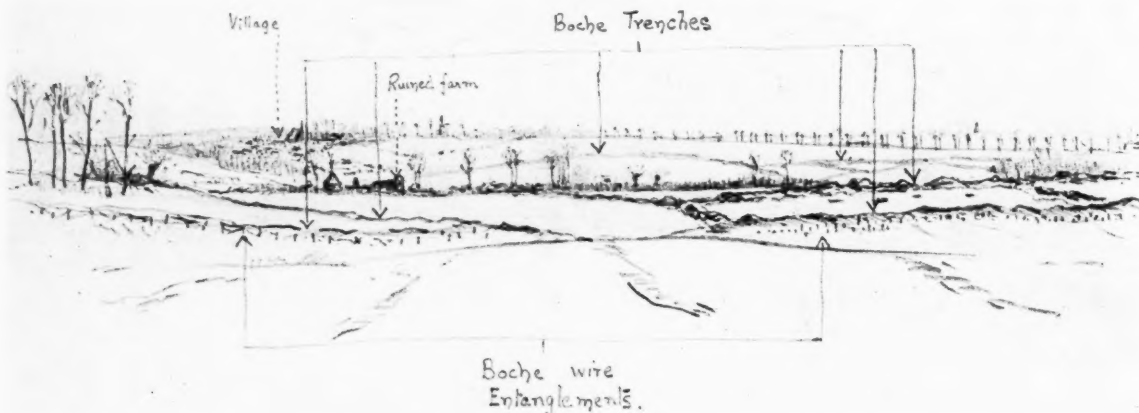


We had an awful downpour of rain last night and the trenches are very damp to-day.

This is me going to the observation station—



This is some idea of what the Boche side of the country looks like from our trenches—



To-morrow will be Christmas Day—my second in La Belle France. I am going up to see if there is any prospect of a truce—all the guns to be loaded and ready, and loosed off quickly as soon as the Boches get out of their trenches. But from what I have seen I don't think there will be.

### WAR MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Clutton Brock wrote last week with such charm and insight about the literary quality of the inscriptions of monuments that he makes us forget the monument itself. But surely the main purpose of the Civic Arts Association is to see that the tablets, on which Mr. Clutton Brock shall write for us, may take an architectural or sculptural form worthy of his epigraphic skill and reticence. The Association is first of all concerned to demand of our

memorial art that it shall be *common* art in the sense of making a universal appeal to plain men and women, that its making shall not be confused by fine phrases and talk of styles, but the natural expression of order and beauty. As Professor Lethaby said, beauty is much more than shapes and colours: it is a necessary function of healthy life and a source of national power. Civic arts mean more life and more love, and, that being so, no country can live fully without beauty. If Professor Lethaby were asked by what test we might hope to know a work of art, he would reply: "Every work of art shows that it was made by a human being for a human being." Professor Selwyn Image put the same thing in another way when he said that art has

not been a public affair in the past. If we are to have worthy memorials of the war—worthy of the fallen, of the occasion and of the nation—the whole country, and not a small committee and a few artists in London, must take a hand in the work. Authentic art does not come out of text books or from the study of styles; it is an expression of public feeling interpreted rather than created by the artist. Local schools throughout England have produced capable artists: let them have the chance to express their local feeling. It is all to the good that the Royal Academy, as Mr. George Clausen announced, is to hold an exhibition of what are known as "arts and crafts," in other words of the simple arts that are not devoted to making pictures on easels. It is a tardy but no less welcome repentance and makes us hope that it means a public conversion and that our war memorials will be conceived in a more straightforward spirit than in the past. The Civic Arts Association has the large but simple aim of co-ordinating and organising the national sense of order and beauty, and deserves every aid in a great and necessary work. If it succeeds art will show itself in its largest sense as "the well-doing of what needs doing" in memorials as in everything else.—LAWRENCE WEAVER.

### GULLS AND SEARCHLIGHTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The suggestion of your correspondent that electric light has a soporific influence upon gulls seems to be only part of the truth. If they rest on the shore in a stationary beam during the hours of darkness, their actions in presence of moving searchlights are very different. Both in the Firth of Forth and in Weymouth Bay it has been observed that the powerful searchlights which traverse the former from ships of war and the latter from the

shore batteries rouse the gulls to their ordinary diurnal activities. Large numbers of Blackheaded and Herring Gulls congregate in the air and fly to and fro in the beams, frequently swooping down on the water and rising again, as is their ordinary practice in seizing particles of floating food. Since these gulls are clearly feeding by aid of the light, might it not be that the groups on shore seen by your correspondent were also utilising the light in order to distinguish food particles on the beach? In any case the interesting point is that during the winter months gulls are quite ready to feed in the night-time, provided they can see their food. That is to say, for these birds short hours of winter daylight are insufficient fully to satisfy their needs. Now this is exactly the argument upon which Sir Edward Schäfer has based his theory of bird migration: that the factor which immediately induces birds to "migrate from the freezing shore, in search of milder climes" is



neither the absence of food nor the advent of cold, but the shortness of the day, which prevents certain birds from obtaining sufficient food, notwithstanding that it may be present in abundance. Many birds are steady feeders even throughout the long days of summer, and the cutting off of even a few hours of opportunity may easily bring days of plenty to days of want. The case of the night-feeding gull adds another to the instances which support the shorter-day theory of migration.—JAMES RITCHIE.

#### SEA BIRDS' EGGS AS HUMAN FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The writer of "Country Notes," in his courteous criticism of my letter in your issue of the 29th ult., appears to have overlooked the main point of my objection, viz., the suggested suspension of the Wild Birds Protection Act. That such a proposal should be advocated is, to the writer, a matter both for surprise and regret. I am glad to note in this connection that COUNTRY LIFE, even though it may lend weighty support to a recommendation for the utilisation of the eggs of certain sea birds for human consumption, hesitates to support a proposal for the suspension of the Act. I trust I may accept this reticence, likewise the silence of Miss Haviland, as a tacit acknowledgment of the force and truth of my assertion, that any suspension or relaxation of the birds' Magna Charta should be resisted by every ornithologist from Land's End to John o' Groats. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to discuss my grounds for objection. They are, I suggest, quite obvious. The ethics of collecting, argued as they were at some length in the pages of *Wild Life* about two years ago, will be within the recollection of many, especially that of Miss Haviland, who contributed several excellent letters on the debatable subject. I do not dispute your suggestion that this war has pressed upon the middle classes with a heavier hand, in many respects, than it has upon the lower and upper classes. That there is need for strict economy in the ranks of the middle classes there can be little doubt. At the same time, when all is said and done, the fact still remains that after eighteen months of war one sees little evidence of hardship or distress. This is, I respectfully maintain, a very striking and incontrovertible fact upon which we, as a nation, may justly pride ourselves. I willingly concede your point that there is a general need for economy, but not for extreme measures, as yet; in my opinion it is unwise to advocate the use of sea birds' eggs at this juncture, just as much as it would be unwise to advertise broadcast the consumption of horseflesh. Consider the effect on neutral and enemy nations if such proposals were carried into effect, and it could be said that the people of this country were devouring sea gulls' eggs and horseflesh as a necessitous economical device. So much for objection number two. Now let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the situation as regards the egg supply is so serious as to call for remedial measures. I fail to quite appreciate how far the situation will be relieved by the collecting of sea birds' eggs at certain periods of the year. It must be borne in mind that the eggs of gulls and guillemots are only available in the months of May and June, when the eggs of domestic fowls are most plentiful, so that no relief will be secured during the period of scarcity.—OSWALD J. WILKINSON.

#### THE GROUP CLASS AT ISLINGTON FOR MOUNTAIN AND MOORLAND PONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may be interesting to you and your readers to know how hearty a response has been made to the institution of the group class which has been added to the schedule of the National Pony Society this year for the first time. As soon as I made known the conditions in my district, I found that there was a ready response. I have nominated, according to the conditions, about eight groups, of which six at least will be present in the ring if nothing untoward happens to prevent it. These eighteen ponies will represent very fairly the New Forest pony. There are two well known racing mares, one the winner of the New Forest Point-to-Point, three others are cup winners at the Burley Show, and nearly all are in receipt of premiums. Nor are these in any sense professional show ponies. To my certain knowledge several of the best have been running out on the Forest all the winter and are running there at the time I write. Among the ponies there is one which represents the old "Royal" family of Forest ponies, one of the oldest and best of the New Forest families.—THE CONVENER OF THE NEW FOREST SECTION.

[We are glad to learn from other sources that our native ponies will be well represented at Islington on March 2nd. It is clear there will be keen competition for the Challenge Trophy offered by COUNTRY LIFE for the best pony in all the groups.—ED.]

#### AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think you may find the epitaph I enclose interesting at the present time. I copied it some years ago from an incised slab on the floor of the church at Elham, Kent. The stone was much worn, and in places the letters were very difficult to decipher.

"A Captain captive here does lie perdu—  
Until his General shall his strength renew,  
When he, for service past,  
Shall have a crown which will for ever last—  
Follow your leader, Sirs, to the gates of death,  
Preserve your honour, though you lose your breath."

—M.

#### PARTRIDGES IN PHEASANT TRAP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week I found nine partridges caught in a trap set for catching up pheasants. Is not this a very unusual fact? The birds were so closely packed that they could hardly move. I have on previous occasions found two, or even three, partridges in a similar predicament, but it is not easy to understand how nine of them managed to be within the trap when it fell.

I might add that as we neared the trap five other partridges, which were evidently sitting outside it, flew away. These I suppose must have been keeping the prisoners company.—B.

#### DISEASE IN WOOD PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can confirm in my own recent experience the presence of disease in wood pigeons as mentioned by your correspondent "P. P." in COUNTRY LIFE of the 5th inst. A week ago I had one of these birds cooked for dinner. On cutting into the left side of the breast the tender meat along the base of the bone had a peculiar yellow appearance, which I thought might be fat, but the right side on being removed was found to be quite normal. It was a large, plump bird, with no external appearance of disease. I found that while roasting on a spit before a coal fire a peculiar odour as of tan had been noticed. On being shown next day to the doctor attending the house, he pronounced it diseased. I have had a few of these birds somewhat recently, but this is the first instance of an unsound one, and I shall not risk any more of them. I tasted a small portion of the sound side, but detected no unusual flavour. I thought you might perhaps insert this as being of something more than interest to your many readers. Some time ago an epidemic of diphtheria prevailed among these birds, and was specially noted in COUNTRY LIFE. It would almost appear as if they were unusually subject to internal disorder of some sort.—R. S. W.

#### A LEGAL POINT FOR SPORTSMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed cutting is of interest to shooting men. It has been laid down that there are three claims to a dead bird; the claim of the man on whose land it is flushed, the claim of the man on whose land it falls dead, and the claim of the shooter, and that any two of these claims are greater than the third. Is this so? Any endeavour to prove it dies on one side or other of the boundary, and thus to introduce the "Cujus est solum" argument, appears unworkable in practice, though the point was made use of in this case. I see in Daniels' "Rural Sports" (1807), Vol. I, page 390, the following statement: "Game is the property of the person in whose ground it is hunted and killed; but if it is started on one man's ground and killed in another's, it is the property of the hunter.—Sutton v. Moody, 1 Lord Rayner 251."—LEONARD HAYWOOD.

[Our East Anglian correspondent has kindly sent us a report of a case that has recently aroused a good deal of interest in local sporting circles. It involved the old point of the right to retrieve game birds falling upon another's land. The owner of an estate had reserved the shooting rights over his farms. A house or cottage on the estate was let to a residential tenant, and, so far as we can gather, nothing was said in the lease or agreement about the sporting rights. The owner had a shooting party a few weeks ago during which a partridge, started and shot at on one of the farms, fell dead, or badly hit, into the adjoining garden of the house. The tenant picked up the bird and declined to give it up to the beater who came in quest of it. He was prosecuted for stealing the bird, and the magistrates dismissed the summons. That is the story in brief, and no one will doubt but that the justices did the wise thing. It is rather a tall order to brand a respectable man as a felon for indulging in what would seem to have been an act of somewhat ill founded obstinacy. We think, however, that technically a conviction could have been justified. The dead bird was not the defendant's property. The bird was started and shot at on land belonging to the prosecutor and over which he had the exclusive right of sporting. He was entirely within his rights in endeavouring to alter his qualified right of property in the game into an absolute right by killing them, and as soon as he exercised his right by an effective shot, the bird became his. There could be no doubt about it had the bird fallen on his side of the fence, and the mere fact that, perhaps by some extraneous cause, such as a gust of wind, the body fell over the boundary, cannot deprive him of the right he acquired the instant the bird was killed or so badly wounded as to be unable to escape. We notice that in the course of the case something was said about the shooter having no right to go upon the land of another to reclaim his bird. That argument can hardly apply in such a case as above set out. A man does not become a trespasser by going in a proper manner to pick up a dead or badly wounded bird. That has been decided in Scotland, and the English Courts would probably take the same view when the point is raised here.—ED.]

#### "STRANGE VISITORS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The shells were probably those of the Janthina Communis, which at times cover the sea in immense numbers. It is a delicate bluish coloured shell which floats by means of a sort of froth, and when annoyed or disturbed, this froth is dissipated with a discharge of a purple substance and the shell sinks.—D. WILSON BARKER.

#### HOW THEY SAID "THANK YOU" SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed may prove interesting to your readers. The original lies among some old family papers. As it smacks of vengence, I thought perhaps it might make appeal, as much as by its old world charm:

24th August, 1844.

Richmond Bridewell.

"Mr. O'Connell presents his kind compliments to Mr. Peter La Touche and his best thanks for the present of a prime haunch of venison. Mr. O'Connell estimates highly that present—but he estimates, beyond any possible comparison, more highly the kindly spirit which this courtesy evinces on the part of Mr. La Touche and assures him most unfeignedly that he should be happy, were it in his power, to show his cordial participation in the good feeling thus displayed."

It is difficult to imagine "Thank you" expressed in a manner akin nowadays?—L. F. ARTHUR HOLMES.

## EASY BEE-KEEPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you may consider the enclosed photograph of sufficient interest to merit reproduction in your valuable paper. It was taken on August 31st last and requires little comment.

A swarm of bees took up their abode underneath the weather tiling of this house last May, so that at the end of the summer I arranged for an expert to remove the swarm from underneath the tiling and transfer the bees to a hive which was ready for their reception. The photograph distinctly shows the six combs of honey built in between the wooden joists. Most of these combs were, I think, two deep. As the season had not been very favourable for honey-making, only about 5lb. of honey were removed for use, the remainder being skilfully transferred to frames and placed in the hive by the expert, who concluded a long and tedious operation by successfully discovering the queen among many myriads of her subjects after their transference to their new quarters. Artificial feeding was started at once, and with the addition of a cake of candy at Christmas (now nearly consumed) the bees seem strong and healthy and occasionally indulge in short flights in such mild weather as we have been recently experiencing.—DRYDEN DONKIN.



HIVE OF THE VAGROM BEE.

hob to rise in a warm—not hot—place. In ten minutes it will have risen. The bread maker, having been previously fixed near the fire, will now be warm. Into this pour the bowl of yeast, having beaten it lightly with a fork, and add one quart and a gill of lukewarm water; beat again lightly and put in the flour at once and knead with the machine, adding either water or flour, if necessary, to make it the right consistency. Turn the kneader until the dough leaves the sides clean, and lift it out into the earthen pan or panchon and allow it to rise for two hours. For those who like crust the nicest loaves are twists, just plaited bread. As the stone-ground flour makes dark brown bread, it can be varied by using partly household flour, and any shaped loaf can be made according to fancy. The above recipe I have never known to fail, and have given it to many. I have given loaves of this bread to people in the village. Most of them have ovens in which it would be impossible to bake, they are so small; and those who have ovens large enough find it easier to buy white bread from the baker, though they say they know it is not so good and does not satisfy the children.—G. B. TODD-NAYLOR.

## RUGGED v. UNRUGGED ARMY HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the Captain's account of his management of his gun horses, unrugged and flourishing. I live near an artillery camp, and during the wet winter of 1914-15 the horses with no shelter but heavily rugged died in scores. The men told me they were never warm except when at exercise, and the moment the wet rugs were put on they began to shiver. The local veterinary, who had some hundreds left in his charge sick when the division went abroad, removed the rugs, the horses still being in the open, and had wonderful luck with them. Unrugged and not cleaned the natural oil and dirt prevented the rain from penetrating the hair to the skin, and a few hours of fine weather dried the hair; whereas a soaked rug takes days to thoroughly dry. The horses in the camp now stand under shelters and many are clipped. I fear the poor brutes will suffer cruelly if they go abroad and have wet rugs and no shelter.—L. P.

## ARAB PACK HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From time to time I have read letters in COUNTRY LIFE on the value of the small horse in warfare, and therefore think the enclosed photograph will interest your correspondents and make a useful contribution to the discussion. It has been sent to me from Mesopotamia, and represents, according to the sender, Arab pack animals at work there. Horsemen will recognise that

ponies of the size shown, who carry rider and weighty packs, are extremely valuable. It will be seen that they are slightly built and not cobby in type—in fact they are of the Eastern breed to which all English breeds owe so much. Those who lay such stress on bulky bone may learn something from these slender limbed animals, whose bone is of ivory-like character, which is able to carry weight altogether disproportionate to its appearance. But bone of resisting power is not the only attribute of the Eastern horse. His



SMALL BONE, BUT UP TO WEIGHT.

sinews and tendons alike are extremely powerful. These, united with his courage and stamina, make him the valuable foundation stock that experience has proved him.—C. JOHNS.

## THE OPENING OF THE SALMON FISHERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose photograph of salmon netting on the Tay, which I



NETTING THE SILVER TAY.

shall be glad if you will consider with a view to publication. The season for netting this famous Scottish river opens on February 2nd, and continues three times a week until the end of August.—W. H. BIRRELL.

## "NOW THUS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A *propos* of the article headed "Now Thus," in your issue of January 22nd, page 128, I have in my possession an old double-hunter silver watch which belonged to my grandfather, and which bears the family crest cut on a small dial in the centre of the outer case. This represents a man with a flail raised over his shoulder about to bring it down on a sheaf of corn, and saying "Now Thus." My father used to tell the story of how, when he was at Cambridge, owing to the figure and lettering having become so worn as to be almost illegible, he took the watch to a local silversmith to have the crest re-cut. This genius, not being able to decipher it, drew on his imagination, and returned it to my father with the sheaf transformed into a boar's head, the flail into a spear, and the wording into "Now then"! Needless to say the altered version was not accepted.—P. W. TRAFFORD.

## HOME-MADE BREAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to suggest a recipe for home-made bread made in the "Universal Bread Maker." Eight pounds of stone-ground flour, three tablespoonfuls of salt (put by the fire to dry in a large glazed earthen pan), 3oz. of yeast, one quart of lukewarm water and one teaspoonful of brown sugar are put in a pudding bowl and covered and placed on the